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EVERY BRUSH-STROKE WASHED AWAY A SIN.



The Saviour Raising Lazarus from the Tomb in the Presence of the Restored Man's Family. From the Manuscript of 1150.



The Three Marys at the Tomb, One of the Most Reverent of the Pictures Which the Old Monkish Artist Made to Wash Away His Sins.



St. Mark Writing a Page of the Gospel in Much the Same Way That the Monkish Artist Drew This Picture.



The Saviour Riding Into Jerusalem Amid Hosannas and Palm Leaves on the Sunday Before His Crucifixion and Resurrection.

THE beautiful illuminated manuscript of the Gospels once treasured by the Cathedral of Speyer, in Bavaria, has been reproduced and published through the public spirit of some citizens of Baden, Germany. The manuscript is in the Baden State Library at Karlsruhe.

It was executed about 1150—nearly eight hundred years ago—when the monastic art of illuminating manuscripts was at the height of its glory, and has been little known to the general public because it was in an inaccessible place and the guardians were afraid to show such a great treasure freely.

One reason—perhaps the principal reason—why these illuminated manuscripts reached such a high degree of perfection was that the artist believed he was washing away his sin with every brush-stroke. Telling away at his work by the light streaming through an early stained glass window, the monkish illuminator labored with superhuman earnestness, for he felt that he was saving himself and others from eternal punishment. It is stated by Ordericus Vitalis that in the great monastery at St. Evroult in Normandy there was a monk who was saved because the number of letters copied by him equalled the number of his sins.

In the "explicit" which concluded the manuscript, the scribe gave his name and the date when

his work ended, and often declared that he wrote for "the salvation of his soul."

The monkish artist sat on a hand-hewn chair in a great stone-paved hall. Absolute silence reigned there. At the head of the hall sat the "bibliothecarius," who distributed the tasks. When they were finished they were carefully examined by inspectors, and if there was any mistake the whole laborious work had to be done over.

But it is evident that much more than the direction of masters was needed to inspire these remarkable examples of early art. They labored because their souls were in their work and because they wanted to save their souls.

The examples reproduced here are masterpieces of naive sincerity. Although the artists lack modern technique and knowledge of perspective, their sense of beauty and decoration commands the admiration of all who possess the critical sense.

A very impressive drawing is that showing "The Raising of Lazarus." The Saviour and the Apostles are indicated by their beautiful golden halos, that of the Master being marked by more decoration than the others. All the members of Lazarus's family are present, and he is shown rising slowly from the tomb, bound in his grave clothes.

Mary, the sister of the restored man, kneels and

thanks the Saviour in an attitude of adoration rendered with touching skill.

Another illumination which may be cited as exceptionally interesting represents "The Three Marys at the Tomb." The unselfish love and self-sacrifice of woman-kind are beautifully incarnated in the three figures who present themselves with offerings before the empty tomb

of the risen Saviour. The other examples are "The Saviour Entering Jerusalem" and "St. Mark the Evangelist."

The colors in the manuscripts are very interesting to artists. The blue was obtained from lapis lazuli, and was very costly. Gold as a pigment was still more costly, and had only recently been introduced.

How Primitive Women's Rouge, and Men's Whiskers Led to Metallurgy—and Soap

THERE are many theories, of course, concerning the origin of metallurgy—the science of extracting metal from crude mineral ores—but there is much evidence to indicate that it resulted accidentally through woman's vanity.

Back as far as man can search into the past, science knows that women always wanted to be beautiful and used cosmetics, however crude, to improve the crimson of their lips or darken their eye-lashes and lids so as to lend them attractiveness. Then, as today, there were men who objected to the promiscuous use of face paint and rouge, and it was one of these, perhaps long before the Egyptian or Babylonian civilizations, who, in a fit of temper over the lavish way his wife and daughters painted their faces, took their rouge pots and hurled them into the fire.

He had no way of knowing in advance what would happen. But what did occur, science believes, was that the rouge was turned by the fire into a little lump of iron or copper. This really might have been the beginning of man's knowledge of how to make iron and copper. Both these metals have played an important part in the progress of the human race.

Similarly, soap, an essential sanitary agent today, was discovered. Back in the dim past women learned somehow that wood ashes applied to the hair would turn it red. It was male vanity, however, that naively turned this fact to the good purpose that brought us soap. The men of ancient Gaul all wore wigs which by nature were mostly black or brown. A light-colored beard was conspicuous and handsome, and there were many dandies who resorted to the use of the ashes to lighten the pigment of their facial hair.

This method of turning beards yellow or red, according to ancient Roman writers, was not entirely satisfactory, for dampened wood ashes were strongly alkaline. If the applications to the face were not made carefully, they not only reddened whiskers and hair, but removed them and the skin with them. Large areas of

"The Bronze and Iron Age," a Painting by E. Caron, Showing Primitive Man Fashioning His Metals, After Their Accidental Discovery Through Woman's Vanity.



An Artist's Conception of a Prehistoric Village. It Was Such a Colony as This Whose Women Discovered the First Face-Paint, Which Led to Man's First Knowledge of the Use of Metals.



On the Right—Inhabitants of Early Gaul Who Used Wood Ashes to Turn Their Beards Red and Yellow. When Wet Wood Ashes Irritated Their Skin, One of Them Added Animal Grease, Which, Mixed With the Alkaline Substance, Resulted in the First Soap.

low or red, according to ancient Roman writers, was not entirely satisfactory, for dampened wood ashes were strongly alkaline. If the applications to the face were not made carefully, they not only reddened whiskers and hair, but removed them and the skin with them. Large areas of

face and scalp were painfully blistered. It was to prevent this unhappy result that some genius of the Gauls conceived the idea of mixing the alkaline ashes with animal grease, so

that the ashes became a salve. This genius did not know, of course, that the manufacture of soap is accomplished by the chemical action which takes place when animal or vegetable fats are mixed with strong alkalis. But he did discover that when the salve hardened and was used with water it became a cleansing agent much superior to the oils and clays then in use. Thus, science deduces, the soap industry began.

Lord Ernest Rutherford, the eminent British scientist, making researches into the origin of metallurgy, says that the ancient Egyptian and Babylonians probably were first in the field of

practical metallurgy, due very likely to the extravagant use in those countries of rouge and other cosmetics. The rouge and face paint were colored with a mineral oxide of iron. Another point used for giving a greenish tint to the eyelids was colored by the introduction of mineral malachite, a complex carbonate of copper. The cosmetic makers knew nothing of the mineral value of these compositions, and Lord Rutherford believes it is logical to suppose that such a family quarrel as described above brought the rouge into contact with fire, and thus accidentally extracted the metal from the crude ore.

On Our Own Continent, Primitive Women Discovered for Themselves the Face Pigments That Contained Coloring in the Form of Oxide of Iron and a Complex Form of Carbonate of Copper. This Modern Californian Girl Is Shown With a Rouge Pot Dug Up Out of Primitive Ruins on Catalina Island.

malachite. If this substance is mixed with charcoal and heated, copper is produced. "Even today," says Lord Rutherford, "the demand for improved cosmetics and soaps is providing an enormous stimulus to synthetic chemistry, and it is probable that present-day chemists will be led into new and important paths by chance discoveries similar to those supposedly made by the citizens of ancient Egypt or Babylonia and the bewigged dandies of Gaul."

Married to the Man Who Killed Her First Husband in the War

SOON after the armistice, Mrs. Gordon Duff, a wealthy and socially prominent London widow, went to a quiet spa on the continent to recuperate from a long illness brought on by the tragic death of her husband, a Scottish aviator.

During her stay at the spa she met the first man who had interested her emotionally since Gordon Duff's heroic death. His name was Otto Von Kohenlohe. He had been educated at Oxford and spoke English fluently. He fell in love with Mrs. Duff and she with him. A few days after their meeting, the couple happily announced their engagement.

One day, just before Mrs. Duff was to return to London, she and her fiancé were discussing the death of her former husband. "Gordon was killed by a German officer flying an Albatross plane," said Mrs. Duff. "Afterward the officer flew over the British lines and dropped my husband's belongings, including my letters to him."

Her fiancé paled noticeably as he asked, "Was Mr. Duff killed on August 24, 1918?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Duff, "but how did you know that?" "Because I am the officer who brought down your husband's plane," said Von Kohenlohe. "I'm sorry that fate delegated me to such a role, and I hope this un-

happy revelation will make no difference between us."

Mrs. Duff broke the engagement and left for Scotland where she tried to for-

get the charming man who had brought her so much sorrow and the happy promise of a new and abiding love.

For months she weighed the unusual and dramatic problem with which she found herself faced—and she finally came to the conclusion that fate, not her new-found love, was to blame for her husband's death.

Mrs. Duff and Otto von Kohenlohe met again, several months after their dramatic parting, this time in a Paris hotel. They found themselves more in love than ever. As proof of her deep affection for her fiancé, Mrs. Duff went with him to

Berlin where they were married in a simple ceremony at the Registry Office. And to prove that he, too, had none of the bitterness born of war, Herr von Kohenlohe closed his house in Berlin to take up residence with his bride in London.

The unusual romance was given much space in newspapers all over the world and only a few editors presumed to criticize the English widow for marrying the man who killed her husband. Most of them lauded her as a sensible and courageous ambassador of international good will.

Religious Origin of Marionettes

AUDIENCE who find amusement in the antics of modern marionettes probably never think that they are indebted to religion for these strangely lifelike figures cleverly manipulated by strings in the hands of expert operators. But the very name marionette means "little Mary" and refers to the Virgin Mary.

In the Egypt of the Pharaohs puppets were used in dramas to celebrate the feasts of Osiris. Even more elaborate puppets enacted pagan plays in the temples of ancient Rome. But it was during the Middle Ages that the figures became known as marionettes because some of them representing the Virgin Mary were used to impart the lessons of Christianity to people unable to read or write.

During the days of the Reformation, the Protestants of Europe tried to put a stop to the puppet plays, believing that it was blasphemous to thus caricature the Virgin Mary, the Saviour and the saints. In the seventeenth century the Catholic Church forbade the representation of holy characters by puppets. Then marionette

shows were put on outside the churches, but they still were of a religious character.

The National Museum at Washington recently obtained an interesting collection of puppets from Java. All of the objects are elaborately carved and painted, and most of them, like the "Little Mary" of the Middle Ages, are religious in character.



Javanese Marionette Representing a Goddess.



Mrs. Otto von Kohenlohe, Whose Romance With a Former German Officer Led to Marriage. "This Was the Man Who Killed Her First Husband, Gordon Duff, During the War."

World's Most Highly Paid Mannikin

IT won't be natural to suppose that the mannikin drawing the biggest salary in a profession would be a French tin and hat she would be showing off the expensive creations of some Parisian couturier. Such is not the case. The most highly paid fashion model in the world is a 21-year-old Polish girl named Mile. Andrea Mijinska and, at the moment, she is in the employ of an English fashion designer.

Mile. Mijinska did not begin her profitable career as a mannikin. Since she was a girl of 17 she has been much in demand by European artists and sculptors, many of whom believe she possesses the perfect feminine figure. The Polish girl managed to make a good living posing in the studios of Montparnasse and of London's art colony. But when a fashion creator offered her much more money than she was making as an ar-

tist's model she promptly forsook the studios and joined the numerous ranks of the mannikins.

Sculptors and artists missed "the girl with the perfect figure" and tried to get her back by offering her more money than she was being paid for posing in fragile evening gowns and mannish sports suits. But every one of their offers were more than matched by increases in her salary as a clothes model, until the Polish beauty was drawing a salary said to be greater than that of any other mannikin anywhere.

Mile. Mijinska's employers say that she is worth the handsome weekly wage they have to pay her because she has turned out to be what might be called the outstanding box office attraction in the London salons of fashion.



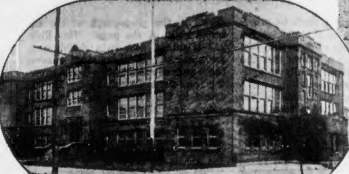
Mile. Andrea Mijinska, Now Employed in a London Fashion Salon, Who Is Said to Be the Highest Paid Model in the World. She Is Polish and 21, and Sculptors Say She Possesses the Perfect Figure.

Slept Five Nights in an Ash-Can

Poor Little Anna, Afraid to Go Home for Fear, She Says, of Her Drunken Stepmother, Seeks Shelter at Night in an Empty Can, Begg a Little Milk and Bread and Conscientiously Goes to School Every Day



Photograph of Anna Taken at the Jail After She Had Been Brought Away From Her Ash-Can Bedroom. The Police Supplied Her With a Mug of Hot Coffee and Some Thick Slices of Bread Which the Poor Child Ate With the Appetite of Youth. Photograph Shows the Little Sweater and Cotton Shirt the Child Wore Without Changing for Five Days and Nights, and Also the Smudges of Dirt on Her Face and Legs Are Visible in the Photograph.



The Bonnell Public School in Camden, New Jersey, Where Anna Conscientiously Went Every Day During Her Life as an Outcast From Her Home.



Anna's Stepmother, Now Held for the Grand Jury.



Safely Opening the Door the Policeman Peered Inside and There, to His Astonished Gaze, Was Little Anna, Curled Up on a Mattress of Old Newspapers and Refuse, Fast Asleep.

ANNA REZCOWSKA, eleven years old, astonished the city of Camden, New Jersey, by sleeping five successive nights in one of its refuse cans, making it her only home for that time and going to school every day as if nothing had happened.

Little Anna can't see why living in a can like a sardine or a stalk of asparagus should cause so much wonder. She had good reasons, couldn't think of anything else to do and everything turned out as she expected except that they did not let her stepmother beat her.

Nobody would question Anna's wisdom in leaving home on the evening of Oct. 6. Her stepmother, Mrs. Rezwaska, is a dressmaker who was partly out of work. If she had been entirely out it would have been better for Anna. As it was, the stepmother had only one customer left, whom Anna describes as "a lady who makes moonshine whiskey." The trouble was that the dressmaker had to take her pay "in trade," Anna says.

When Anna came home from school that noon, the child says, she found her stepmother in an advanced state of intoxication and quarreled, accusing the child of having broken a vase and stolen a bracelet. Anna's denials only made the woman more angry. Working herself into a drunken rage, she finally lured after the little girl and tried to strike her, Anna explains. It seemed a good idea to Anna to run out the door and not come back till after school. She saw no signs of getting anything to eat and strong signs of getting a beating.

Returning timidly about supper time Anna was relieved to find her stepmother asleep in her chair and the bottle empty. Anna improved the occasion to get herself a slice of bread. While she was eating it a boy came in with a fresh quart of "moonshine" and insisted on waking the woman up in order to deliver it to her while she was conscious, Anna says.

As she expected, this was bad luck for Anna for when the stepmother had collected her wits and spied the child she was angrier than ever, according to the child's story, and threw milk bottles at her stepdaughter, who hid behind a chair. Anna thought it was the natural thing to get out again. Her only problem was where to go for the night. As she walked the streets she pondered. There were lots of places and people but she dared not confide in any for her terror of that bottle-throwing stepmother. There was her aunt, Mrs. Minnie Blake, who lived in Camden, and seemed kind, but she and that stepmother had had nothing to do with

each other for a long time. Even if Mrs. Blake would take her in for the night, she would have to bring her back some day and then the beating would be twice as bad for "running to Aunt Minnie," she felt sure.

There were kind neighbors, but every child knows what a cop will do—march it right home. Anna knew where the Children's Home is, but feared that institution would do the same thing. In fact, any grown-up would be sure to perpetrate some act of mistaken kindness. The little runaway talked to a few of her child friends, but they could offer nothing. If they brought her to any of their homes, their parents would certainly take her home. They were sorry, they hoped she would find some place if she thought hard enough, and then went to supper and forgot about poor shelterless Anna.

Anna walked and thought until it was dark and she was so tired and sleepy that some sort of place had to be found soon. To lie down in the park meant that a policeman would find her. If she curled up in a door way, someone would stumble over her and call a cop. In desperation she approached the Children's Home, only to find courage at the last moment and turn into a side street.

Her sleepy eyes, searching for anything that would do for a bedroom, fell upon a refuse can placed by the city at the entrance to an alley. It was some three and a half feet high by two feet wide. In large letters which she could spell out in the dark it bore the advice "Keep the City Clean." Anna read this and began to wonder if perhaps it had more important message for her. She found that the can had a large swinging top and reaching in side felt as she expected a big barrel bag hanging on hooks so that it would catch any newspapers, wrapping paper, string or anything that might be dropped in the opening. The bag was already partly filled with the day's contributions.

The city is liberally strewn with these cans and Anna knew that some time next day a man would pull out that bag, dump its contents on the street-cleaning truck and hang it back on its hooks again. But that would not be till tomorrow. Meanwhile what did it offer a shelterless little girl?

As little Anna stood before this in vain hope, it seemed to her to very completely answer her needs. The door could be opened without difficulty the sack inside was partly filled with papers, and when unhooked and al-

lowed to fall on the floor, made a fairly comfortable mattress. There was, of course, the possibility of somebody dropping a banana skin on her head while she slept, but not many contributions are made after nightfall.

So Anna walked back and forth, contemplating her prospective new bedroom, and made up her mind that it was just the place. Waiting until the policeman had turned the corner, and nobody was in sight, Anna cautiously opened the door, peered in, unhooked the bag, arranged it and its contents as a sort of cushion, crawled in, closed the door—and was soon fast asleep.

It was a quiet street, and she was little disturbed during the night. Once or twice the policeman leaned up against it and his nightstick tapped the steel walls of her little room, reverberating like sledgehammer blows. But Anna kept quiet, and soon the policeman resumed his stroll. Once or twice people stopped near the ash can and talked, but Anna paid no attention, and was soon asleep again.

Later came sniffling and scratching sounds and when she moved, rustling the paper in her mattress, a dog barked and tried to get into the top of the can to see what sort of animal was hiding inside. Like everyone else, he had never dreamed that human beings would live in such places. Anna held the cover tight until the dog's nose finally told him that it was only a child in there and he went away.

At last the noise of the early morning began. The milkman rumbled down the street, and in a few moments the grocery boy came whistling by. Anna could see the daylight streaming in through the cracks in the door, and she was afraid it might be school time. She wondered how things were at home. Had they missed her? Were they glad she was gone, did they hope she was dead? Above all, was stepmother getting sober at home?

With that new quiet to be finished, probably not.

At any rate, here was a new day, and Anna was free from the terror of

Photograph of the Refuse Can at Haddon Avenue Near Walnut Street, in Camden, New Jersey, Which Was Little Anna's Bedroom for Five Nights.

that stepmother. But she knew she owed a duty to herself, and she conscientiously determined to go to school. This was the right thing to do, and she would do it.

But Anna had had no supper the night before, and she had wandered around in the open air a long time, and the little girl's stomach demanded food. Somehow, in some way, Anna must have something to eat before she went to school.

Listening carefully, and hearing no approaching footsteps, Anna cautiously opened the door a crack, saw nobody in sight, and quivered herself out. For a minute she "almost died with pains and cricks and prickles all over." Taste have shown that normally people turn in their sleep every ten to thirty minutes, but Anna had spent the night, bent double, with her chin between her knees, scarcely able to "wiggle a foot." Those aches, though alarming, soon passed away and, strengthening her little thin dress and cotton overalls, she looked down the street and saw a milk wagon.

The child hadn't even a penny, no credit or other asset. Would the driver let her have a drink of milk? Why should he? Well she would try—she knew she had to try.

"Mister, can I have a drink of milk?" The driver stopped rattling his bottles and looked in surprise at the rumpled little figure, with unkempt hair, out so early in the morning. Perhaps he thought it another depression disaster and was joking when he said: "So you've been a bad girl and your mother won't let you have any breakfast?"

The man's tone was friendly, so Anna nodded assent. Strictly speaking it was not Anna but her stepmother who

had been bad, Anna thought. But to young children "being bad" means getting in wrong with parents, teachers or other authorities.

"Well, I guess I can spare a pint this morning," he said. "Here take this home with you."

Anna thanked him with a smile, sat down beside her rubbish can home and drank the bottle. The next problem was to find out if it was time for school. She might go back and ask that milkman, but one favor was enough for one man, she thought. The child set out looking for the time, as blindly as she had gone in search of a bedroom. Presently she found a clock in the window of a cafeteria and discovered something else. The sight of all sorts of food caused yearnings which told her that the milk was not enough. She must have solid food. There was the food—should she ask? Instinct told her no. Out of that crowd come buyable food would insist on taking her home.

The child staggered off in the direction of school. She was much too early but free, solid food might turn up in that direction as well as any other and it did. In the form of a baker's wagon making deliveries. This driver, like the milkman, would be too busy to take her home. The all-important question of how to approach him was quickly solved in the girl's mind. The man had given her a pint on his own self-initiated charity that Anna was a bad girl. If that theory produced milk it might produce bread, so she informed the baker's man that "I have been naughty and my mother won't give me any breakfast."

"Well, I like your nerve," the man roared. "All right, Bad Girl, take this," and he handed her a small loaf of bread. Anna munched on this a while but could not eat it all and remembered that there would be a lunch and a supper problem to face. The child's feet began to take her back toward home, not her stepmother's house, but her new home, the ash can.

Lodging around until the street was empty, Anna hunted through the contents of the barrel bag till she found a reasonably clean piece of paper and wrapping her treasure in this, deposited it in the bottom of the can. At school Anna had the use of soap, water and towel but was dismayed at the looks

of her hair. Combing with her fingers left it so bad that teacher would be sure to ask and send her home with the trunk officer. Finally she borrowed a comb from another little girl. Fortunately there was no home work that week, so there was no need to store books in the can.

That noon she recovered and ate part of the bread and finished the loaf for supper. To get water to drink was easy because most anyone will hand out a glass without asking questions. When darkness came on Anna doubled up again in her tin bedroom. The child's account of her first 24 hours has stood investigation and seems true but the remaining four days are somewhat mysterious.

There is no doubt that Anna attended school each day and slept each night in the can, but the young lady claims that all five days she "borrowed" a pint of milk and a loaf of bread from these same two astonishingly obliging drivers. More likely her little friends raided their own home larders and the young beneficiary of the conspiracy is not telling on them.

One of the nights it rained, forcing Anna to drag a newspaper over the can's hinges. It worked. Everything was dry and she retired for the sixth night. Just then a policeman happened to see a woman had disappeared from an ash can. He softly opened the door. He peered inside and there, to his astonished gaze, was little Anna, already fast asleep. The girl told her whole story and was relieved to be taken not home but to the detention room of the jail, where she dined on a hot mug of coffee and all the bread she wanted and spent the night.

Later the stepmother was arrested and released on \$500 bail for an appearance before the grand jury when, among other things, it will be decided whether she is a fit person to have the custody of the child or if Anna is to be turned over to one of the many families that have volunteered to take her. Investigators for the Children's Society and the Juvenile Detention Home disagree as to whether the woman is Anna's mother or stepmother. Meanwhile the girl is at the Juvenile Detention Home, where she is quite happy in the assurance that whatever happens she won't get that beating.

Queer Little Gods Found Guarding Prehistoric Tombs



Crude Figure of an Amazon Found in One of the Sardinian Tombs.

Two Pairs of Eyes, Four Arms and Twin Shields Distinguished This Tiny Guardian of a Grave on the Island of Sardinia.



The Prehistoric Inhabitants of Sardinia Built Many Fortress-Homes Like This Ancient Stone Structure, Which Still Stands Near the Site Where the Grave-Protecting Idols Were Unearthed.

bitter wars beginning back in primitive times. Most of the effigies are heavily armed, some of them with two shields, although it is known that the ancient Sards were essentially an agricultural and fishing people.

Apparently the inhabitants of the much coveted island had to form themselves into a series of armed camps ever on the alert to defend themselves against the attacks of invaders. The fortress-like form of many prehistoric stone structures found on the island—like the one shown in the photograph—adds to the evidence that the ancient inhabitants of the place were an embattled race forced to spend much of their time in armed conflict.

The most elaborate of the "common deities" found by the archeologists is

shown in the photograph at the extreme right of the page. This little god is armed with twin shields and, for some as yet unexplained reason, has a pair of antenna-like horns growing from the top of his head. He was found in the tomb of some long-forgotten Sardinian.

Two of the photographs show grave gods equipped with two pairs of arms and four eyes. It is assumed that the creators of the figures believed that the spirits of their fellow tribesmen would be given greater protection by such deities than by those with the standard equipment of one pair of arms and one set of eyes.

The remaining figure—the one at the extreme left—is especially interesting because it shows what appears to be a female warrior. She is armed with a bow and seems to be ready to send an arrow into the body of an enemy. Only a few of these feminine companions of the grave were found.



Another Four-eyed, Four-armed God Brought to Light by the Excavations on the Mediterranean Island.

A Horned God Discovered in the Tomb of a Sardinian Chief Who Died Before the Dawn of History.

but it is the logical guess of the scientists that the women of prehistoric Sardinia also were trained fighters and battled by the side of their men when it became necessary to defend their homes against an enemy.

The discovery of the tomb companions of the prehistoric Sards proves beyond a doubt that the race believed in a form of religion which embraced the idea of the existence of the soul after the death of the body. How long ago the Sards evolved this religious creed is, of course, not known, but it must have been long before the Roman invasion of the island in the fifth century before Christ, because none of the little copper figurines shows any artistic influence from Roman civilization.

Germany's Skeleton Carpenter

A GROUP of German scientists has been working for months on an interesting educational program intended to show both men and women how to do more work with less strain on their bodies and minds. The undertaking is sponsored by the Government, which believes that an increase in individual efficiency will enable the nation to work off its staggering burden of war debts sooner.

With characteristic Teutonic thoroughness, the scientists are not depending entirely on lectures and printed matter to acquaint workers with the easiest and best ways to perform a great variety of tasks, but have devised a series of exhibits which are being shown in all of the country's cities and towns.

One of these exhibits is made up of several fabricated human skeletons doing various important jobs, one of which is carpentering. The photograph illustrating this story shows a pseudo-skeleton in the position that a carpenter would take if he were planing a piece of wood. This, a neatly printed placard explains, is not the proper position to take at this job, because—as shown by the position of the "bones" of the skeleton—it cramps the chest, produces round shoulders and too quickly fatigues the person who works with his body in this position.

Another skeleton, placed beside this one, illustrates the proper way to stand while engaged in the common act of planing with a hand plane. An accompanying placard explains that actual laboratory experiments proved that a man planing with his body in the "correct" position was able to do 15 per cent more work, and better work, in less time than another man laboring with his body held in the more common and more tiring posture.

In addition to the "skeleton carpenter" and his bony brothers, the scientists are exhibiting more than a hundred plaster models of human figures engaged in such simple tasks as chopping wood and carrying water, showing the most efficient way to do this necessary work.



Miss Lil Dagover, the Beautiful Stage and Screen Star, Who Insured Her Shapely Shoulders for \$15,000 With a Berlin Insurance Company Before Leaving Germany for Hollywood.

Miss Lil Dagover, the Beautiful Stage and Screen Star, Who Insured Her Shapely Shoulders for \$15,000 With a Berlin Insurance Company Before Leaving Germany for Hollywood.



Insured Her Shoulders For \$15,000

WHEN Lil Dagover, the beautiful blonde heroine of many a German-made movie, finally was induced to desert the Berlin studios long enough to make a few pictures in Hollywood, she called a representative of an insurance agency and asked him to draw up an unusual contract. Because the company never had made such a contract before, there was much discussion about the amount of the policy and the annual premium, but Miss Dagover emerged from the discussion with her shoulders insured for 60,000 marks, which at the present rate of exchange is about \$15,000 in United States money.

The movie star's acquaintances found it hard to understand her desire for such insurance. Artists and sculptors have acclaimed her face in general and in detail. Some of them wanted to paint her because of her "perfect" nose. Others went into raptures about the shape and the color of her eyes. One eminent Berlin portrait painter described her mouth as "exquisite and ideal."

Why, Miss Dagover's friends wanted to know, was she worrying about her shoulders when she had so many other and more apparent physical charms which it is to her professional advantage to insure?

"But you do not understand," explained the pretty actress. "Charlie Chaplin is not a bad-looking man—in fact, I think he is very good looking—but he insured his feet. A friend of mine—a ballet dancer who is really much prettier than I am—recently took out a policy against injury to her legs, which, at the risk of seeming boastful, I would say are no more shapely than my own."

"I do not need to tell you why Chaplin insured his funny feet, or why my friend insured her legs. I want my shoulders protected against injury for the same reason—they are my most nearly perfect and, therefore, most valuable physical assets."

There are many more beautiful faces than mine to be seen in the films, but I think I can say without seeming immodest that there are few pairs of shoulders in the movies, or on the stage, that are more attractive than those with which Nature blessed me. People who forget my face remember my shoulders. If anything happens to them my appeal to the public is lessened and, consequently, my earning power might be curtailed. I am merely protecting myself against loss of income through possible harm to what I consider my outstanding physical characteristics."

Where Moving Day Is No Problem

THE natives of the African Congo have their economic, civic and domestic problems, but these do not include lot buying, house hunting or moving, items with which the average citizen of this country is all too familiar.

When a Congo tribesman decides to put up a new house, all his neighbors pitch in and help him build it. They cut grass and gather sticks. Then they help him and his wife—or wife—fashion these materials into a shelter from the sun and rain. The whole job seldom takes more than a few hours.

Next to hunting and eating, the native of the Congo prefers moving his home and his few worldly goods. More often than not he moves in the interest of sanitation, but now and again he moves because he tires of the location on which his flimsy residence is set. At such a time he merely mentions to some of his fellows that he'd like to shift his domestic establishment and they help him do the shifting in the manner shown in the photograph. The process is simple. The circular house is unfurnished from the stakes

driven into the ground, the mover's neighbors gather around the dome-like edifice and with a mighty heave tear it loose from its foundations and raise it to their shoulders. They then "walk" the building to whatever site the owner has selected.

Moving day in the Congo is not always an individual whim, however, for it is not uncommon for a chief to decide that the time has come to transfer the entire village to greener pastures. Sometimes the chief feels that his people are living altogether too near neighbors inclined to make war. Sometimes the supply of game runs low and it is necessary to abandon the civic site for another locality where jungle food is more plentiful. At other times the chief merely gets the urge to change his surroundings, and when that urge comes upon him his subjects may grumble a little, but they pack up their few possessions and, literally, take up their houses and walk. When such a move is made only the big community houses are left and the first job on the new town site is to put up some new ones.

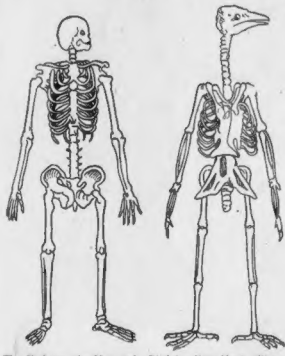


Natives in the African Congo Carrying a House to a New Location. It Is Not Unusual to See a Tribe Moving an Entire Village in This Manner When the Chief Decides That It Is Time to Settle in a Better Locality.

The Skeleton, Which Is Part of a Scientific Exhibit, by Which German Doctors Are Teaching Men and Women How to Work With a Minimum of Physical Fatigue.

How Man's Ability to Twist His Neck Has Increased His Brain

Stiff-Necked Creatures Like the Fishes, the Hippopotamus or the Hog Can Never Have Highly Developed Intelligence, and Yet the Stiff-Necked Elephant Has a Good Brain, but the "Rubber-Neck" Birds Are Stupid



The Skeleton of a Man and a Bird Are Very Much Alike, but the Bird Usually Has a Much Longer Neck, and Some Birds Can Twist Their Heads Completely Around the Circle.

It is commonly agreed among scientists that man's ancestors once lived in the oceans of prehistoric ages—were fish; had gills and breathed through the sides of their necks, as all fish do. It was a lucky day for the human race when some primitive ancestor flopped out of the water, turned his flippers into legs, learned to flop around on shore—and breathe through his mouth instead of the sides of his neck.

Whether man breathes through his mouth or through gills, like the fishes, would not seem at first thought to be of tremendous and overwhelming importance. But Professor M. A. Menabier, the distinguished Russian biologist, recently explained to the Academy of Sciences in Leningrad the significance of this. Indeed, when the ancient fish-like ancestors of man came out of the pond and learned to breathe through their mouths or noses instead of through the gills, they were able to move their necks from side to side, and this made possible for the first time the beginning of the evolution of man. To be called a "rubber-neck" is not an insult, it is an evolutionary compliment.

The trouble with fish is that they cannot twist their necks from side to side to see things or crane their necks upward in the supposed fashion of rural visitors riding in "rubber-neck" buses in the cities. The fish's neck is too short and thick. More than that, any attempt to bend a fish's neck more than just a little closes the gills on that side of the neck so that the fish cannot breathe as well and naturally becomes uncomfortable. "Necking parties" among fish would be impossible. Tight collars also would be out of the question. Anything like that would stop the fish's breathing, just as a tight mask will stop the breathing of a man.

All of which, Dr. Menabier insists, was of enormous importance in evolution. No stiff-necked fish, he asserts, could have developed a good brain. There would have been nothing to exercise and improve it. Which probably is why all the sea animals are so inferior in intelligence to the land animals. The sharks, which probably are the most intelligent fish and perhaps the most intelligent of all sea animals unless it be the whales, know little beyond the ability of pointing out their prey like some lowly and degenerate lion on land.

Nature causes new and improved organs to evolve by necessity and by exercise. This is just as true of the brain as of the legs or muscles or internal organs. Without plenty of material to exercise itself, the relatively good brain possessed by man and by a few others among the higher animals never would have evolved. The things that exercise the brain, many naturalists already have agreed, are new objects presented to it, so that curiosity is aroused and the growing brain is stimulated to further development.

The brain of a young baby develops, the psychologists say, in much this same way. A baby kept in stimulating surroundings, who is constantly being seen or touched and many activities are going on is far more likely to develop a good individual brain than a baby that grows up in some remote locality, like an orphan asylum, where nothing beyond the routine ever happens.

Fish breathe water and a stream of this water has to flow in continually at the fish's mouth and out through the gills so that the muscles of the blood vessels in these gills can take out of the water some of the small quantity of oxygen that is dissolved in it, just as the blood vessels in the human lungs take oxygen. For a fish to bend its thick neck to one side close the gills on that side. Yet if the fish does not bend its neck, he will see nothing except what is more or less straight ahead of him. To look outside he must turn his whole body, like a man suffering from a stiff neck. Fish, like all other animals are pre-eminently lazy and make just as few motions as possible. Accordingly, the average fish merely ignores things on one side. Dr. Menabier believes, and thus misses seeing a large part of the world.

Once a race of fish got over this

stiff-necked habit, crawled out on the land and learned to breathe air in and out of lungs instead of breathing water through gills, the necessity for these open gills in the neck disappeared. Presently the slits closed altogether, as has happened in typical reptiles like the modern snakes and lizards. This provided some degree of flexibility of the neck and the course of evolution ever since has tended, the Russian biologist says, to make necks more and more flexible, to provide more and more new objects for the brain to notice and accordingly to stimulate greatly the improvement of that brain.

In the human being there are always the same number of vertebrae in the neck—"neck bones." Some persons, however, possess a long, thin type of body with "swan-like" necks. Others belong to a different hereditary type with short, thick bodies and shorter and thicker neck bones. As the blood supply to the brain must come through the arteries of the neck, the person with the short neck is likely to have wider but shorter arteries and a better blood supply for the brain than the long, thin-necked person.

In any event, Nature certainly has produced among the two most advanced groups of animals, the birds and the mammals, some very remarkable

able necks. The neck of the giraffe, longest and most flexible among the necks of mammals, has been developed, it is believed, by another necessity; that of reaching the tallest branches of trees in years of drought in Africa when ordinary vegetation was extremely scarce. Ages ago Nature provided some remarkably flexible necks for some of the giant dinosaurs, now extinct. There is reason to believe, too, that these rubber-necked dinosaurs were among the most intelligent of their kind and might have gained still greater intelligence had not another defect of their race, their inability to keep the blood warm, interfered with their progress and finally caused, it is probable, their complete extinction.

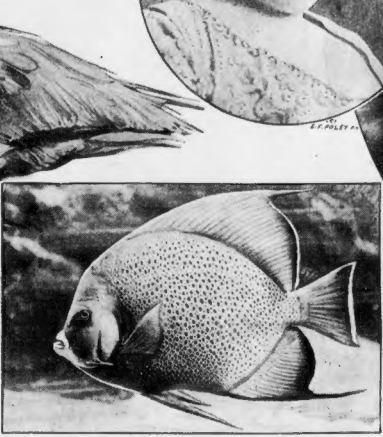
The most extraordinary necks are found among the birds. Almost any bird can turn its head half way around, so that it looks directly backward; an ability that man himself might envy. A few birds, like the absurdly long-necked cranes and flamingoes, are said to be able to turn their necks around a full circle, so that they look toward the front again, but with a complete twist in their necks. Obviously there is no reason of the kind that Dr. Menabier cites for so extreme a condition as this, but Nature seldom does anything without having a use for it and the use in this case presumably has to do with the way that these birds catch their food.

Mostly, these birds are fishermen. They wade around in the shallow water and catch unwary fish or dig up shell fish and similar animals from the bottom. Incidentally, the inability of fish to turn their necks and see easily all around them is probably one reason why the cranes and flamingoes can catch them at all. In any event, the extreme flexibility of these birds' necks probably is not due to any superior to Nature to stimulate bird brains, but merely to the necessity of a long, flexible, quickly-moving neck so that fast-moving fish can be snatched at and caught.

Too long a neck, indeed, is probably an actual disadvantage, since it lengthens the arteries through which blood must be supplied to the brain and probably deprives the brain of the extraordinary quantity and quality of blood which man's brain, for example, gets through the four thick arteries which rise inside his neck.

Perhaps too long and too flexible necks are bad, just as are too short and too stiff ones. The short, stiff ones restrict breathing and dull the mind. The too long and too thin ones may restrict the brain's blood circulation and have much the same effect.

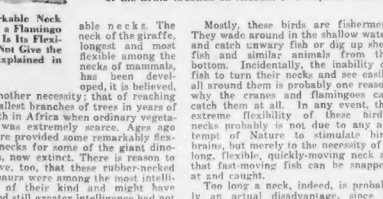
Possibly this is one reason why the birds, which have the longest and most rubbery necks in creation, have been outstripped in brain power by creatures such as men and elephants whose necks are shorter and can carry blood supplies with less interference but which still are flexible enough to allow easy



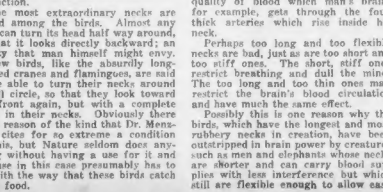
An Example of the Rigid Neck of the Fish. These Creatures, Unable to Move Their Heads, Must Move Their Whole Bodies to Change Their Range of Vision—A Disability Fatal to Superior Intelligence.



The Elephant Has an Almost Rigid Neck and Yet He Is Perhaps the Most Intelligent of the Brute Creation on Account of a Physical Fact Peculiar to Elephants.



In All Creation Probably the Most Remarkable Neck Belongs to the Flamingo. It Is Claimed That a Flamingo Can Tie a Knot in Its Neck, So Remarkable Is Its Flexibility. But This Conspicuous Ability Does Not Give the Bird Superior Intelligence for Reasons Explained in the Accompanying Article.



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There Is a Remarkable Difference in the Necks of Human Beings, as Shown in These Two Photographs. The Famous Opera Singer, Madame Tetrazini, Is an Example of an Extremely Short Neck Where the Chin Seems to Almost Rest on the Chest, While the "Swan-Like" Neck of Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr., Was Pointed to by the French Artist, the Late Paul Helleu, as the Most Beautiful Neck in the World.

turning of the head and easy examination of new objects.

Another asset of mankind in stimulating the brain which is denied to the fish is the hand.

"One of the most potent factors in the evolution of man's mind," Professor Richard S. Lull of Yale wrote recently, "is his ability to handle—manipulate—objects and thus bring them before his face for examination. Like the ability to turn the head and look at things easily, this brings new ideas continually to the mind and aids in developing the brain. Undoubtedly one of the chief things that develop the brain of a growing baby is this same habit of picking up everything in sight and examining it by sight, by touch and even by taste. The reason why a baby tries for everything that it sees, even for the moon, is merely this natural urge to examine everything and to learn as much as possible about it.

It also is significant, Professor Lull points out, that the gross of animals undoubtedly closest to man and the apex of intelligence, perhaps even superior to the ape, also has something that works like a hand. These animals are the elephants and their hands are the trunk. The elephant, Professor Lull states, is in many ways a primitive animal. The stomach and internal organs are of extremely primitive type, like those of many animals low down in the scale of evolution. The bones of the legs and of the forelegs or "arms" also are of primitive type as compared with those of other animals of the group to which the elephant belongs. Even the elephant's brain seems quite simple in structure.

Yet the elephant's brain undoubtedly is an exceptionally good one. For one thing it is larger even than man's brain. It is highly intelligent, the skeleton of which is in the Yale Museum, possessed a brain, Professor Lull states, which weighed almost eleven pounds, nearly three times more than many human brains. The high development of the elephant brain is indicated, also, by the intelligence which these animals show.

"Elephants possess a remarkable memory," Professor Lull states, "of injuries, real or fancied; of misfortunes, and of the time and place of the ripening of favorite fruits. They also learn to perform complex labors, as the carrying and piling of logs in the truck yards in India without other directions than the initial order. They are said to be weather-wise and to be able to foretell rain some days in advance." The only great fault of the elephant's brain, naturalists report, is that most elephants become curiously, disobedient and even dangerous as they grow older, although some captive elephants have remained docile and well behaved to ages even beyond the average age of man.

One reason why the elephants, in spite of their generally primitive nature, have developed such good brains may be, Professor Lull suggests, the existence of the elephant's "hand" in the form of the trunk. In some things this trunk can serve, as human hands do, to pick up objects and bring them conveniently before the animal's eyes for examination. Thus the elephants, in spite of their huge, unwieldy bulk and their relatively thick and stiff necks, share in some degree the mental stimulation which man's more mobile neck and man's two hands give continually to the human species.

Professor Charles Fraipont of the University of Liege, in Belgium, believes the development of hands gave animals man's ancestors opportunity to get rid of the heavy, projecting bones of the face and thus to make room in the skull for a better brain.

Animals without hands, or without some equivalent of a hand like the elephant's trunk, are compelled to seek their food and seize it, Professor Fraipont points out, by the lips and teeth. That is why most-eating animals like dogs or wolves or grass eaters like horses have long, projecting snouts on their faces; contrived, in reality, to get the teeth and lips as far forward as possible so that prey can be seized and animals pick it up. This leaves little room in the skull for a good brain. But when hands became available or when elephants developed trunks to take food to their mouths, as in the case of projecting jaws became unnecessary.

But the whole stream of evolution might have taken quite a different turn. Certain creatures breathe through lungs which are appendages of their hind legs, while some other animals breathe through lungs attached to their arms. But nature found that the best brain still would be the property of fishes no better than the sharks.

Either the leg lungs or the inside lungs might have done well enough, however, to release man's fish ancestors from their stiff-necked servitude. Without this release, Dr. Menabier insists, the highest forms of life and the best brains still would be the property of fishes no better than the sharks.

Food The Queen of Sheba's Treasure Caves?

An English Explorer Claims to Have Discovered the Source of the Biblical Queen's Immense Wealth of Jewels and Gold—And Explains That Only Illness and Starvation Prevented Him From Bringing Back Sufficient Gems to Prove It Beyond All Doubt

Mr. Frank E. Hayter, the English Explorer and African Big-Game Hunter, who says he found the treasure cave where the Queen of Sheba hid her wealth of precious gems.

LONDON, Oct. 30. WHERE the Queen of Sheba got the immense quantity of jewels and gold which the Bible says she brought to wise King Solomon has long been a mystery. Hundreds of treasure-hunters and expeditions have tried to find the source of her wealth without success. But a few days ago Frank E. Hayter, a well-known English explorer and big-game hunter, came back from Abyssinia claiming that not only had he located the place where the Queen secured her rubies, emeralds and diamonds, but had actually found in a cavern over whose floor the precious stones were strewn like a glittering carpet.

Mr. Hayter's story sounds more like fiction than fact, yet it is circumstantial and backed up by considerable evidence. He brought back with him only a few of the gems he says he saw by thousands, and also a small or two filled with gold dust and platinum. He explained that he could not return to the caves at the time to get more, because of the sickness of his partner and lack of food. He is preparing to return immediately with a suitably equipped expedition.

The treasure caves, he says, are in one of the twin peaks of Tulu Wallei—which is Abyssinian for "Sheba's Breasts." These singular mountains have long been known, but never explored. They are high and rounded, and while there is no difficulty in accounting for half the native name for them, no one knows why they have been for centuries associated with Sheba. These are the identical peaks, by the way, which H. Rider Haggard described in his famous story, "King Solomon's Mines," as the place where that wise King secured his diamonds.

The Biblical reference to the Queen of Sheba's treasure occurs in the first book of Kings, chapter 10, verses 1, 2 and 10, and reads as follows: "And when the Queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon... she came to Jerusalem with a very great train, with camels that bare spices, and very much gold and precious stones."

"And she gave the King an hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices very great store, and precious stones."

Mr. Hayter's story is that he was in Addis Ababa, the capital of Abyssinia, early in 1930, when he was approached by another Englishman, a mining engineer, who had a map which purported to reveal where gold could be found in unexplored country about 300 miles west of Addis Ababa.

"I believe," the engineer told him, "that this is the key to Sheba's gold. There is a good reason why these twin peaks are called 'Sheba's Breasts.'"

After considering certain facts which the engineer now gave him, this was also Hayter's belief, and a contract was made for the hunter to lead the caravan, which started in the early Spring on a trek which took more than a year to complete.

"We started well," Hayter said. "We had reached the source of the river, which rises in the hills and winds for hundreds of miles through forest and jungle, only to find it was a huge swamp in the Somali desert. It is the one river in the world which never reaches the sea."

"Camping there, we came in the path of a whirlwind which sucked up our tents and everything portable, scattering them far and wide, so that it took a whole day to collect them after the whirlwind had passed."

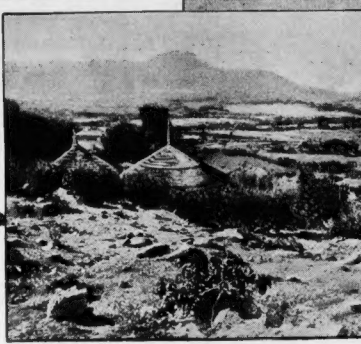
Leaving the river the caravan had to climb to the crest of Tulu Soddu, a mountain range 11,000 feet high. From there to the valley they followed a goat track barely three feet wide and skirting the edge of a great precipice. They beat off brigands, were nearly burned to death by grass fires, had forty-one of their forty-three



A Curious and Greatly Revered Ancient Painting in the Royal Palace of Addis Ababa, Capital of Abyssinia, Which is Supposed to Represent the Queen of Sheba in Her Chariot.



A Gold Smelter in the Shape of a Sitting Man, Found in the Mysterious Ruins of Zimbabwe, Rhodesia, Africa, Which Tradition Gives as the Source of King Solomon's Gold.



The Last Native Village on the Way to the Unexplored Wilderness Where Mr. Hayter Says He Found the Treasure-Cave. The Photograph Was Taken by Mr. Hayter.

mullets stolen or killed, fought lions, and at last, after three months of perils, arrived within fifty miles of the twin peaks.

It was a lion, according to Explorer Hayter's story, that led him through what he calls the "Forest of Death" and to the treasure caves.

He had decided to make the dash to the twin peaks, estimating that he would have 50 miles to cover, and store for such a trek were carried by his three natives.

It was an underestimate. The distance was nearer 90 miles, and the extra stretch nearly caused the death of all four from starvation.

"However," he says, "I left my white companion behind and started. The last lap had been well begun. Hayter went out to shoot game for the party. Trailing two gazelles he came at last upon a lion which was after game as well."

Hayter shot the lion just behind the shoulder. With a terrific roar it leaped in the air, landed nearly 15 feet away and vanished into the bush. Hayter followed.

"And then," he says, "I found myself in the most amazing place. It was a forest, I suppose, but like no other forest I have ever seen or expect to see again."

"I had just left court which was like some lovely garden. Now I found myself in a place which looked as though it had been scoured by fire. The trunks of the great trees were mottled black, and the dead branches hung like a grimace over the path."

"My feet made no sound, for the earth was carpeted with a depth of several inches with decaying moss which sank hideously at each step I took."

"The stillness began to get on my nerves. I felt a chill of fear crawling up my spine. It needed all my self-control to resist an insane urge to throw down my rifle and run."

"I'll confess quite freely that after fifteen minutes I was bordering on panic when I saw the fungi on a tree ahead begin to move. I got a glimpse

of a hideous, gray face. My nerve all but cracked completely.

"Then I realized I was staring at what I believe was the father of all baboons. A huge fellow, wrinkled and gray, with a face that was hideous although almost human. All about him the faces of other baboons appeared. How they scowled at me!"

"Genuine anger seized me. I raised my rifle and let fly. At the crash, dead branches and twigs showered down on me, and the baboons vanished as though by magic."

I stepped across to examine the fellow who I had hit, and I was dumbfounded that there was no sign of either dead or alive.

"I knew that a troop of baboons would give way, and I was returning to carry off any of their number who may get killed. But I can never believe that in the seconds which elapsed between firing the rifle and lowering it that the old boy had been picked up and carried off."

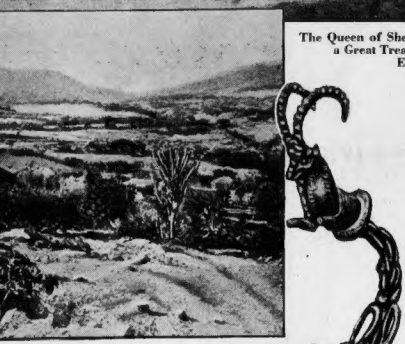
"For another hour I reeled through the Forest of Death until I feared that my sanity would give way. Somehow I hit the road out, and regained my camp more dead than alive."

The distance being nearly double what he had estimated, he arrived almost at the limit of his endurance, and with stores beginning to peter out. But the sight of the twin peaks of Tulu Wallei—"Sheba's Breasts"—made him forget all that, and at last he reached them.

Skirting the base of one of them he stumbled finally upon openings in the face of the cliffs.



The Queen of Sheba's Visit to Wise King Solomon, to Whom She Gave a Great Treasure of Jewels and Gold—From the Painting by E. J. Paynter, the Distinguished Artist.



On the Right—A Golden Lamp Supposed to Have Been Part of the Treasure Which the Queen of Sheba Presented to Solomon.



In Namqualand, Africa, a Region Was Recently Discovered Where Diamonds Scattered Over the Surface of the Ground Much as Mr. Hayter Describes the Gems in His Treasure-Cave. The Photograph Shows South African Government Officials Sorting Out a Day's Collection—Anywhere From Half a Million to a Million Dollars' Worth.

"At first," he says, "I thought they were natural caves. But, when I drew nearer, I found that they were stone doorways which had evidently been fashioned by the hands of man in the distant past. I suppose they used some sort of chisel or tools hewn from stone. In my excitement the caution of years dropped from me. I forgot that in Abyssinia caves are usually the haunt of the lion and the wild boar, the lair of venomous snakes. Like a man gone crazy I ran into the place."

"Deep within the caverns I heard a mighty booming. It puzzled but did not deter me. Later I knew the real menace that loomed repression—A velvet-like darkness deflected the pencil of light from my electric torch, and I was forced to scow, intending to

return with my men and torches.

"Return I did with one of my boys, who carried a flaming fibre torch. By way of passages which man must have cut long ago we reached a cave through which ran a shallow stream. The booming of the first visit was no longer audible."

"With difficulty we followed the stream through a narrow passage which led into a grotto, from the ceiling of which great stalactites hung."

"Suddenly my torch-bearer gave a cry. 'Look, Effendi!' Ahead of us were what looked like hundreds of angry red eyes winking back at us in the flickering light of the torch."

"I grabbed the torch and swept it toward the floor. Immediately a myriad points of light leaped to life. I stooped and picked up what seemed to be only a carpet of rubies. As my hand passed it beneath the torch-light a stone glowed redly in my palm, startling me so that I dropped it hurriedly, thinking it red hot."

It was a few moments before I realized that I was standing on a carpet of rubies. Hundreds of them, ranging from tiny specks to as marvelous as stones bigger than a water-solken pea."

"Colors galore, from dull chrome with a spot of deep orange showing through the rough surface to others of a red so deep and brilliant that they appeared to have been freshly cut and polished."

"I think I went crazy for a time. I don't know how long I sat there among those rubies, picking out stones of the better quality and stuffing them into the pockets of my haversack."

"I paid another visit the next day. This time I was alone. Wherever the torch-light flashed on the walls of the galleries and caverns it seemed to set fire to the countless red and white stones. There were rubies, spinel rubies, emeralds, and even a few diamonds, among which was a magnificent rose diamond."

"Deeper and deeper I penetrated into the treasure caves. Everywhere were signs that human hands had bored the honeycomb centuries before. At last, warned by exhaustion, I turned to retrace my steps."

"I had not gone far when I was pushed to find my feet sinking in soft mud. I had to struggle hard to reach the sandy edge of the stream, where the walking was easier."

"Suddenly I heard that menacing booming sound. It was followed by the noise of rushing waters, and then a huge wave rolled on me from behind, swirling over my ankles, then rising to my knees."

"The wave swept on and the water receded. But the booming increased in volume, and I recognized the roar of water either falling from a great height or being forced by gigantic pressure through some opening."

"My feet felt almost swept off me. I rose above my waist, and the spray beat against my face. I realized that it was to be a grim fight for life. Each succeeding wave submerged me more deeply, and at times I had to swim to keep my mouth above the surface. I had to drop my haversack, filled with gems."

"I knew then what had happened to these adventurous natives who, the chiefs had told me, had gone into the caves and never returned. Drowned, of course."

"The crashing noise of the subterranean waters was deafening. It seemed to shake the walls of the cavern. Just when I felt I could struggle no longer, I was catapulted by the rush of water into the outer passage, from where I staggered into the arms of my scared boys."

"Afterward, when I thought it out, I realized that the gold and the precious stones must have been washed down by the mystery waters. Somewhere at the source of these waters the reef must lie. I feel sure it was the source of Queen Sheba's gold."

"Hayter freely confesses that his nerve was badly shaken by the experience. Even then he was ready to return to the treasure caves, he says. They were almost finished and raiding lions, which had gathered in force, had scared all game from the district."

Starvation forced him to turn his back on the treasure caves, he says. The 90-mile journey back through the jungle and forest was like a nightmare, and there was nothing to eat."

At the end of the trek he arrived at the jumping-off place to find his white partner in the grip of a mysterious illness. There was nothing to do but to tackle immediately the long journey to Gore, last outpost of civilization in those parts."

Hayter's partner was unconscious during the last stages, and had to be strapped to a mule when the party forded rivers or climbed the narrow mountain passes."

Hayter intends to return. His plan is to go with two or three companions after securing the necessary concessions. Meanwhile, he has put the valuable information he collected during his twelve months' trek at the disposal of the Foreign Office, who have been able to make much more accurate maps of a country which had previously been as a closed book.



Alice Cocea, on the Edge of the Fountain in Her Garden.

"The Frivolous Creature Bestowed Smiles on Others"

Count Stanislas Explains as His Gay Wife Alice Cocea, French Stage Favorite, Leaves Him, and Adds, "How Difficult It Is to Possess a Thing Alone in This World! Every Treasure Attracts Thieves"



A Little Caricature of Alice, by Jeannette Carrier.

PARIS, Oct. 31.—
"THE Frivolous creature bestowed her smiles on others. Alas! How difficult it is to possess a thing alone in this world. Every treasure attracts thieves."

Count Stanislas de La Rocheffoucauld thus mournfully informed his family that the Countess, the musical comedy actress, Alice Cocea, was divorcing him.

"We told you so," said the Rocheffoucauld family, one of the oldest and noblest of France. Being Catholics they were opposed to divorce, but this one was good news to all of them but Stanislas.

"On your marriage I offered my condolence. I now offer my congratulations," said his father, Count Edouard de La Rocheffoucauld, who also has the title of Duke of Blacelac. "And besides, a wife is not a treasure just because she sparkles. Real treasures should have intrinsic virtues that will never tarnish, like those of gold, platinum and the diamond."

Alice Cocea is what Americans might call an "awfully sweet girl." Everybody loves Alice, not only on the stage but before and after the performance. No woman of Paris is more in demand. Five years ago when young Count Stanislas, like so many other men, fell in love with Sweet Alice, she turned her bewitching eyes on him and sighed:

"I want to give up all these other men, these other loves. They count for nothing. I want to have a home, a husband and be the mother of some fine man's children. If only someone loved me enough to take me out of all this!"

Probably Alice meant it at the moment. Most all actresses have moments when they really yearn to "go domestic," and once in a while one not only goes but stays that way.

Young Count Stanislas believed her, insisted that he was the fine man she was looking for, and Alice agreed with him. It remained only to break the news to the family. But had news travels fast and somehow arrived ahead of him and, beside his father, he found awaiting him nearly all the other Rocheffoucaulds. One glance at their aristocratic faces told him that he was receiving no congratulations. They loved him to explain why he thought his beloved was worthy to join the noble line of La Rocheffoucauld. Nobody disputed that she was young, brilliant, attractive, beautiful in changing play of expression rather than in cast of features, and popular.

"Too popular," agreed the old Duke, ominously.

"Bah!" interrupted his cousin, the ascetic Count Souverain de La Rocheffoucauld, when Stanislas explained that Alice loved him for himself alone, since she might have married much richer men.

"She loves you for your title alone," said Cousin Souverain. "She will wear it like a new bonnet for a while. You are only the bandbox, and which she will soon throw away. You are only a necessary evil, and you won't be necessary long."

Once before the cousins had had to be kept from fighting a duel and now they had to be separated again. The women members of the family ran up a long list of Alice's alleged previous lovers. Most men are not inclined to marry a woman who has had others, but occasionally a man takes it as a compliment when a woman gives up other



Count Stanislas de La Rocheffoucauld and His Actress Bride, Who Was Severely Disapproved by the Count's Aristocratic Relatives.

men for him—the greater the number the greater the compliment, and so it was with Stanislas.

The Duke, sitting as a sort of judge and patriarch, summed it all up with the following judicial opinion:

There are only two kinds of women, and this Cocea woman is the wrong kind to marry. Now she is "Sweet Alice" but as soon as you are married it will be "Alice, where art thou?" and, like many a husband, your pride will not let you try too hard to find out where she has been. I forbid the marriage.

The entire family voted with the Duke, but Stanislas thought the women were jealous of Alice and the men mere aristocratic snobs. They pointed out that Alice's brother was the editor of a communist newspaper and that communists believe in sharing, or at least in helping themselves to anything, even love. Count Stanislas replied that he was not marrying the brother, only the charming sister. The family even appealed to the Pope to prevent the marriage.

When all else failed the Duke played his last and biggest card. He would cut his son off without a franc. Then how would the young man support his bride? The Count may be a fool about women but, like most spoiled children, he is smart enough when it comes to finding ways and means of defying a parent.

"Why bother?" he answered easily. "Alice can support me of her own cleverness. I will be amused to read that an actress is working to support a La Rocheffoucauld."

That threat was too much for the family pride, as the young Count knew it would be. His allowance was not cut off and the family even attended the great church wedding, assuming that at least this would be dignified.

It was, until the priest had pronounced them man and wife and then to the aristocratic horror of the La Rocheffoucaulds, the comedy began. The bride was in a chignon down the church steps behind the bride and groom. A woman among the spectators so forgot herself she climbed upon a holy water font to cry "Shame!" at them. But the most ridiculous incident was unexpectedly supplied by the aged and fabulously rich Senator Gaston Menier, known as the "chocolate king."



Alice on Board Her Yacht at Cannes, in White Overalls and with Her Famous, Enormous Borzoi, "Boris."

Menier, like many a poorer man, imagines that he is a great playright. But Menier, unlike ordinary persons, always gets his plays produced by producing them himself, regardless of losses. Hearing that the star of his newest play was being married right in the midst of rehearsals, the old gentleman hastened over to the church, just in time to catch the bride on her way out.

"Aren't you going to be at the rehearsal tonight?" he asked anxiously. "Did you sell chocolates on your wedding day?" asked the bride, chuckling with pleasure at her own cleverness. The bride couple got into a magnificent big car and drove off, leaving the chocolate king very flat.

The groom chuckled also. He was so happy and proud of his wife's clever repartee, but before they had travelled many feet the laugh died on his lips. There was something unpleasantly familiar about this luxurious car. He then remembered that it was a present from N. Loucheur, France's very wealthy Minister of Finance. To start on his honeymoon in a present from a former rival got Count Stanislas' noble goat.

"When are you going to get rid of this thing and all it means?" he asked firmly.

"When you buy me a new one just like it," answered his bride, and their first quarrel was on.

That and other spats were patched up by letting the bride have her way and they began the "Alice, where art thou?" stage, which the elderly Duke

had prophesied. If the Count wanted his Countess, the last place to look for her was at home. When Stanislas reproached her for seeming to eunuch himself only to change her clothes, Alice replied:

"I belong to my public. I told you that if my public yearned for me, I might have to go back."

"Yes," answered Count Stanislas, "but you did not say you would go back to each of them and all of them, in turn."

Alice deftly blamed her behavior on her husband's family. She had fondly hoped that the title of Countess de La Rocheffoucauld would get her into the very top layer of society, where that family has always been. But invitations did not come and when her husband forced a few, his bride found aristocratic backs turned on her and heard herself called many hard names. If her "in-laws" refused to let her into high society, she claimed to be justified in seeking her own society and did.

In seeking it she got revenge too. Whether in Paris or the fashionable watering places of Europe, the La Rocheffoucauld family could hardly enjoy a day without hearing that their new Countess had been seen out with a new admirer. As Cousin Souverain put it: "She has enough protectors to man the German frontier."

Sometimes Stanislas would leave his empty house and go hunting for his "stolen treasure." Going from restaurant to restaurant, as soon as his entrance caused a sudden flush of all con-

Alice, the Countess de La Rocheffoucauld, with Her Head on a Shoulder Not Her Husband's.

versation, he knew that he had always been. And there she would always be, the Countess de La Rocheffoucauld dining and winning publicly with somebody else.

The Count would join the party and quietly but firmly insist that his wife go home with him. Even more firmly and less quietly Sweet Alice would refuse and, with the bitter taunts of her nimble tongue, try to drive him away. It is said that when she became too outrageous the Count retorted by kicking the Countess' shins under the table. As bruises on Alice's body are a serious matter, this always brought her to terms, but it is reported that she is mentioning these "assaults" in her divorce complaint.

But for five years this patient husband recovered and brought back his "treasures" as often as it was stolen, sometimes kicking its shins, but always grateful for such few crumbs of affection as might be spared for him. It was the other members of the family who could not stand the strain and they are said to have opened negotiations with Alice to buy back that title by divorce. When she moved her clothes, her huge Russian wolfhound and her diamond cat to an apartment in the Ansonia Hotel, notifying the Count that she was divorcing him, he was probably the last of the family to learn that fact.

When the divorce proceedings became publically known, the Countess was interviewed as to her reasons. Her official explanation was this:

"Stanislas is a nice boy," she declared, "but I am unable to provide him with the maternal affection he longs for. I simply can't give up the stage, screen and my passion for sports in order to stay at home and coddle him like a baby. And it seems my profession is considered ignoble by haughty relations."

Born at Bucharest 28 years ago, the daughter of a general, Alice Cocea came to Paris when a child with her parents and devoted herself to the study of the violin, passing the Conservatoire examination at the age of 14. Shortly afterwards she carried off a prize and played in public for the first time at 15.

Before she was 20, the girl had appeared in light comedies and operettas, making a lovely pagan in Christine's "Phi-Phi," and later carrying a triumph in "Dede," by the same composer, in which piece she divided honors with Maurice Chevalier.

Three years after her wedding at the Church of St. Honore d'Eylau, the actress shocked the Count's family by playing in "La Petite Catharine," a lively burlesque by Alfred Savoir that had a long run at the Theatre Antoine. Recently she acted in "Richard," by M. Fabre-Luce, at the Gymnase, where she has signed a three-year contract with Henry Bernstein.

The actress has been equally successful in the movies, starting the last few months in "Niobe et sa Vertu," a piece adapted from Gaudier's book by Rene Hervil; in "Marion-Nous," and in "Atout Coeur," now showing at the Moulin-Rouge. Alice is also busy making records with her long hits for several big phonograph companies.

Her chief recreation is riding horseback. Although possessing one French and two American cars, she loves thoroughbred horses, goes for a gallop every morning in the Bois, when at Paris, and says that if it were not for her art she would enter the Concours Hippique.

The film and footlight favorite is also fond of large white dogs, such as one seen in the pictures of Paul Veronesi, and not long ago paid \$4,000 for a Russian greyhound which she calls "Boris." Cats of high price and pedigree are likewise her passion.

And this popular singer, dancer, comedienne, violinist, screen-star and equestrian artiste knows how to sail a yacht. Last summer, with her yacht "Pierrot," she won a three-day race at a regatta in Cannes, receiving a silver trophy.

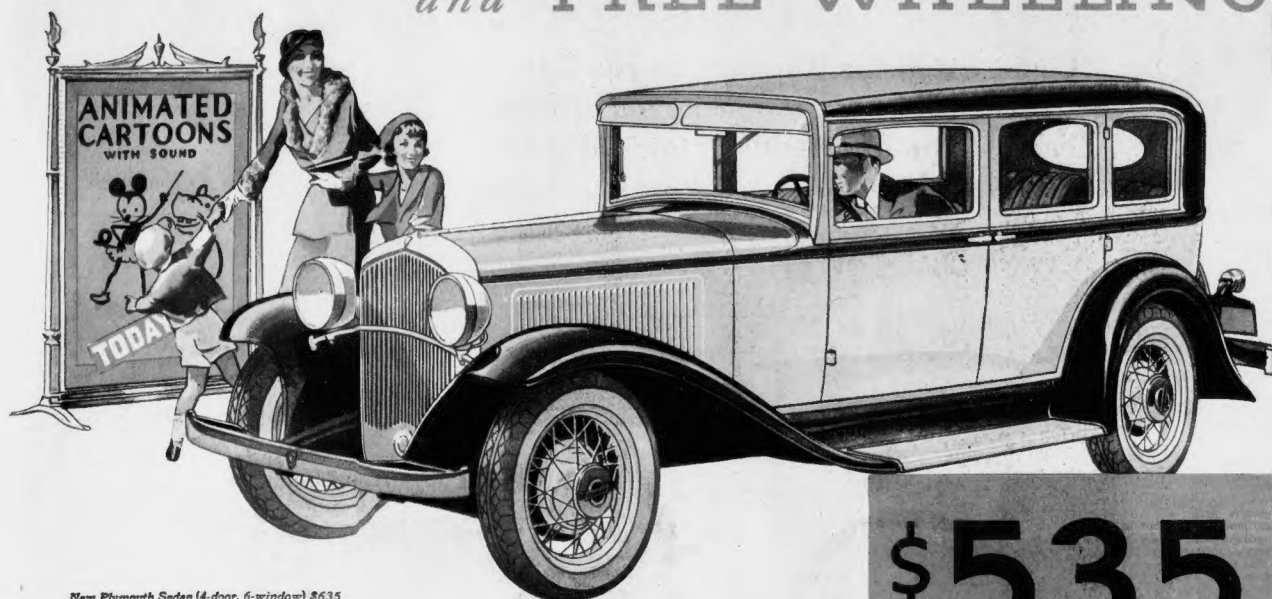
It is said that one of her admirers, the statesman Philippe Berthelot, has promised Alice the Legion of Honor, for boldness perhaps. Anyone who has accomplished all this in 28 years cannot be called altogether frivolous, as her 29-year-old husband describes her.

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Astounding Exploits of Crazy Mr. Smith—But How Crazy is He?

Runs for Governor of Iowa, Is Defeated, Then Gets a Corpse Somewhere, Burns It in His Automobile, Is Given a Rousing Funeral and at Last Turns Up Mysteriously Bound With Wires and a New Wife and Is Sent to a Lunatic Asylum



Remains of House's Burned Automobile After the Charred Body of the Unknown Man Had Been Removed.

JOHN M. SMITH, a manufacturing chemist of Perry, Iowa, and candidate for Governor of that State on the Farmer-Labor ticket last year, was insured for \$50,000 and was ridiculously healthy. He was a substantial citizen and only thirty-seven years old, but he wanted the insurance money and he didn't want to have to die to get it, either. So he worked up the most unique line of stunts western Iowa has seen pulled off in many a day. But instead of getting the \$50,000, Smith got a life sentence to the Iowa asylum for the criminal insane at the hands of a jury the other day.

Smith's "stunts" included a probable grave robbery, burning a corpse, burial by "proxy," a disappearance, whirlwind courtship and marriage to another girl while his wife and small boy were awaiting his return to Perry, and a lot of other things.

It all started last February and ended September 29. On February 8 Smith said good-by to his wife and little boy about seven o'clock in the evening, got into a small truck he sometimes used in his chemical business, and started for Manilla, Iowa, sixty miles away, for a "business conference." The Smiths were prominent people around Perry. In addition to his business, Smith was a member of the American Legion post in that town and was so prominent in politics that he was nominated for Governor on the Farmer-Labor ticket. Mrs. Smith was chairman of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Perry Methodist Church. They took an interest in all the affairs of the town.

About midnight that night automobilists along a lonely road, ten miles or so from Manilla, found an automobile burning in a ditch beside the road. It was a small truck and inside the cab could be seen a human body. But the fire was so intense none could approach the wreck. In a short time a dozen or more automobile parties had stopped to view the flames. It was easily to be seen that life was extinct in the body in the car.

When the fire died down, officers who had been called managed to drag the poor body from the wreck. It was turned so badly that identification was absolutely impossible. The face and hands, particularly, were charred. But the number of the automobile license could be easily deciphered. An investigation at daylight disclosed the light truck belonged to John M. Smith of Perry. Scarcely, but still recognizable, were a watch identified as belonging to Smith and a bunch of keys with Smith's name on the plate.

The sad news was telephoned to Perry and an undertaker rushed out to the scene of the wreck and brought the body back to that town where it was prepared for burial. The funeral was three days later—the biggest funeral ever held in Perry. The casket was hanked with flowers sent from Des Moines. The church people turned out because of Mrs. Smith's affiliation with the Methodist Church, and of her prominence in the Ladies' Aid Society. The business men turned out because of Smith's business prominence. The American Legion members were all there, because the dead man was a member of the Legion. Business in Perry was simply suspended for a couple of hours and the stores all closed. Poor Smith!

Because of the condition of the body, Mrs. Smith was advised by her sympathetic friends not to look at the remains. She followed their advice and they did their best to console her. But she identified the watch and the keys and was able to account for her husband's presence where the wreck occurred because he had told her he was going to Manilla for the conference and would remain there all night.

It was a sad day for Perry. And for Mrs. Smith and her little boy. The fact that Smith's life was insured for \$50,000 so that the widow would be well provided for was the only solace.

"And he took out \$10,000 of that insurance only last week," they told around town the day of the funeral. "It was 'travel' insurance and the policy was good for just twelve days. How lucky!"

"No use to embalm the body," the undertaker had announced. "Too badly burned."

Insurance adjusters are a suspicious bunch, anyway, and the adjuster for that company that had sold the \$10,000 twelve-day policy to the widow would be the best of them. A week after the burial, there was a whisper that something was wrong with that Smith outfit, anyway. Looked phony. The whisper grew in intensity. Soon it was openly said something was wrong. What that "something" was no one knew.

One insurance adjuster is enough, when suspicions are aroused, but there were three of these adjusters with policies on Smith's life. They got together. Then they appealed to the court for an order to exhume and examine the body in the Smith lot out at the cemetery.

Six Doctors, Two Dentists and a Couple of Undertakers Disinterred the Body and Conducted an Autopsy in the Cemetery.

"This body has been embalmed," One Undertaker Said, "and we did not embalm Mr. Smith's body."

"These are not Smith's teeth," Declared One of the Dentists, "they are entirely different from a chart I made of his teeth the last time I worked on them."

"No, this is not Smith's mouth," Announced the Second Dentist. "I worked for him once, and these teeth do not agree with my chart."

"The size and weight do not correspond with Smith," the Doctors Agreed.



Pauline Shaw, the Kansas Woman Smith Married While He Was in Hiding.



John M. Smith, of Perry, Iowa.

Undertakers disinterred the body and conducted an autopsy. "This body has been embalmed," said one undertaker, at the first suspicious discovery. "And we didn't embalm Mr. Smith's body."

"These are not Smith's teeth," announced one of the dentists. "They are entirely different from the chart I made of his teeth the last time I worked on them."

"No, this is not Smith's mouth," announced the second dentist. "I worked for him once and these teeth do not agree with my chart."

"The size and weight do not correspond with Smith," the doctors agreed.

The physicians, the dentists and the undertakers went into conference and reported to the court that the body was not that of Smith, but was some other person entirely. What, then, had become of Smith?

Nellie Tucker and Her Child—One of the Complications Which Drove House to Stage the Automobile-and-the-Body Exploit in England.

And whose body was that which had been buried in the Smith lot? One was as much a mystery as the other.

Anyway, the three insurance companies announced they would refuse to pay the policies. But Mrs. Smith, the widow, had made no demand for such payment. Three days after the autopsy, somebody at Rippey, Iowa, over in the next county, reported they had seen Smith in Rippey that day.

Now that the suspicion that Smith didn't occupy the grave prepared for him had become a certainty, everybody was out looking for the missing man. For three months nothing more was heard from the missing man. Matters quieted down. Mrs. Smith made no attempt to collect the insurance. Then, the night of June 23, Mrs. Charles Grau, wife of a farmer near Garner, Iowa, heard moans and whistles coming from the road in front of the Grau home. She waked her husband and soon they investigated. A man was found lying beside the road, his hands and feet bound with a light wire. The Graus untied the wires, took the man into their home and called the sheriff. The stranger mumbled and talked incoherently, but when the officers arrived the stranger wouldn't talk at all. He was handed a paper and pencil and wrote the name "John M. Smith, Perry, Iowa."

to see where that body had been traced.

A six-month quest throughout Iowa, by long distance phone, had made an appointment to meet Mrs. Smith at a point fifteen miles from Perry, that evening. Officers followed Mrs. Smith from the home and saw the two meet. But Smith, driving 65 miles an hour through traffic, escaped. The sheriff said Mrs. Smith, herself, tipped off the appointment. Mrs. Smith denied the sheriff's statement. But the incident proved to the officers that Smith was alive.

For three months nothing more was heard from the missing man. Matters quieted down. Mrs. Smith made no attempt to collect the insurance. Then, the night of June 23, Mrs. Charles Grau, wife of a farmer near Garner, Iowa, heard moans and whistles coming from the road in front of the Grau home. She waked her husband and soon they investigated. A man was found lying beside the road, his hands and feet bound with a light wire. The Graus untied the wires, took the man into their home and called the sheriff. The stranger mumbled and talked incoherently, but when the officers arrived the stranger wouldn't talk at all. He was handed a paper and pencil and wrote the name "John M. Smith, Perry, Iowa."



The Burned Wreck of Smith's Truck in Which the Mysterious Body Was Found.

The town of Perry was electrified the next morning by the report that Smith had been found. He was taken to the county seat at Adel, Dallas County, and put in jail where he was questioned.

Most questions Smith just refused to answer. He acted crazily, whether insane or not. Bit by bit, the officers drew from him that he had picked up a couple of hitchhikers the night the truck was burned, and that one of these had hit him over the head. He told the officers he had been held a prisoner in a cellar. He didn't attempt to account for his presence beside the road. "I don't remember," he said.

The story was not believed. But that was all that could be gotten out of Smith.

With the return of the missing man, Iowa and Nebraska newspapers printed new pictures of Smith. A week after the arrest, Adel officials were given a shock when they received a letter from a Mrs. McJay, in Elgin, Kansas, inclosing Smith's picture cut from a newspaper.

"That's my missing husband," Mrs. McJay said in her letter. "We were married in Chautauque, Kansas, March 11. We separated in April."

The Iowa officials investigated. They found that Smith and the Kansas girl had actually been married on March 11. The new wife was Pauline Shaw, aged twenty, of Elgin, Kansas.

Smith had worked fast. He disappeared from Perry on February 8. He appeared in Chautauque, Kansas, about a week later and met Miss Shaw some days afterwards. He carried on a whirlwind courtship, announcing that he was a wealthy Little Rock, Ark., inventor, who had been sick and was resting up at Chautauque. On March 11, he and Miss Shaw were married and went to Elgin to live. In April they quarreled and "McJay" disappeared.

"Would the new wife come to Iowa to identify Smith?"

The new wife would. And she did.

Smith was not told of the presence of his Kansas wife, Mrs. Smith No. 2 was brought into the sheriff's office, where Smith had been taken. Without warning the woman appeared.

"Hello, Jay," suddenly said Mrs. Smith. "How's business?"

"Not so good," answered Smith, without batting an eye. They carried on a conversation for some minutes, Smith recognizing the woman, although he had failed to recognize many of his old friends.

Mrs. Smith expressed a desire to see the Kansas wife. The two women met in the State Agent's office. They were introduced, but did not shake hands.

"Pleased to meet you," said Mrs. Iowa Smith.

"Hello," replied Mrs. Kansas Smith.

Then the two women sat down and chatted for half an hour.

"I am awfully interested in hearing what my husband did down in Kansas," said Mrs. Iowa Smith. "Was he very bad?"

"He was more like a preacher or a Sunday school teacher," said the Kansas Mrs. Smith.

Then she detailed Smith's courtship, marriage and desertion. And Mrs. Iowa Smith smiled derisively.

"I am awfully sorry for what has happened to you," said Mrs. Iowa Smith. "But it's not as bad as I am facing now."

For Mrs. Iowa Smith had been held charged with conspiring to defraud an insurance company. The sheriff says she admitted the charge in a signed statement which is in the officer's possession.

According to this statement, after Smith's disappearance, Mrs. Smith was to collect the \$50,000 life insurance. In a year or two, after affairs had calmed down, they were to meet in some distant city and resume relations under some other name.

On September 29, Smith was examined by doctors, declared insane and sentenced to the criminal insane department at Anamosa Prison, Iowa, until such time as he may be declared sane, when he is to be tried for attempted fraud. And over in the next county he is under charge of arson and of burning a corpse.

As for that corpse, it is as much a mystery today as it was the day it was discovered. Smith denies all knowledge, saying, "I don't remember." Mrs. Smith denies knowledge of the body. A six-month quest throughout Iowa, by long distance phone, had made an appointment to meet Mrs. Smith at a point fifteen miles from Perry, that evening. Officers followed Mrs. Smith from the home and saw the two meet. But Smith, driving 65 miles an hour through traffic, escaped. The sheriff said Mrs. Smith, herself, tipped off the appointment. Mrs. Smith denied the sheriff's statement. But the incident proved to the officers that Smith was alive.

Smith has admitted there were forty-nine gallons of inflammable chemicals in his truck when he left Perry that night of February 8. It was in this liquid and under such a hot blaze and burned the body past recognition.

But if it is a mystery where Smith obtained the body that was burned in his truck, it is believed that there is no mystery about where he got his idea. A somewhat similar case happened not long ago in England. Mr. Alfred Arthur Rouse, found himself in entanglements, needed money, disappeared, and burned his automobile. And in it was found the charred body of a dead man, supposed to be the missing Rouse. But later on it was discovered that Rouse was still alive, and it remains a mystery as to whose body was burned in the automobile. It is thought by some that Rouse's exploit, which was widely printed in the United States, attracted the attention of Smith and was his inspiration.

Smith has been adjudged temporarily insane, but the neighbors are wondering how crazy Smith really is; it was a slick scheme and almost succeeded, and real lunatics seldom are quite that clever.



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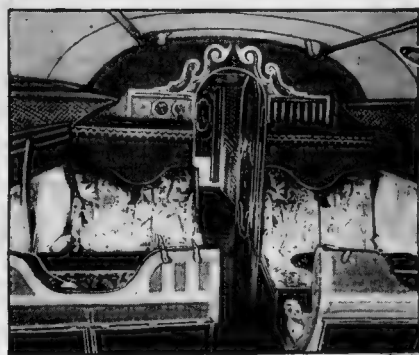
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Blue Upholstery, Luxurious Chairs and Shaded Electric Lights Make the Aft Cabin of the British Air-Liner "Hannibal" as Comfortable as a Private Yacht. The "Hannibal," a Handley Page 42-Seater, Recently Made Its Maiden Trip to Paris.

WITHOUT propeller or motor, Herr Gunter Greenhoff recently flew 160 miles from Munich, Bavaria, to Kaaden, Czechoslovakia, setting a long-distance record for gliders. This feat called attention to the remarkable development of the engineless glider in Germany during the past few years. Although nearly all are built by amateurs, a standard type has been developed which takes its place with the other vehicles of the air.

In the meantime, passenger-plane manufacturers have been busy turning out larger and more luxurious airliners. While no attempt has been made outside of Germany to equal the carrying capacity of the super-giant D.O.X., the newest air-liners seat 40 to 48 passengers instead of the 18 or 20 passengers of the machines now in common use for inter-city traffic.

Herr Greenhoff's record-breaking glider flight was made, of course, under the most favorable conditions. He and his glider, "Fafnir," were taken up in an airplane to a height of 3,600 feet and then released in the face of an approaching "line squall"—a thin gust of wind traveling in a straight direction. This carried him 160 miles to Czechoslovakia before his glider sank to the earth.

There is more to the art of gliding than simply sailing like a parachute from a high point to a low one. A successful glider pilot must have an intimate knowledge of meteorology—the science of weather. Upper air currents, clouds and storm conditions must be studied and their aid enlisted in soaring.

The pilot watches for cumulus clouds, those light, fleecy looking clouds which seem to be piled one above another. They usually mean an upper current of steadily blowing west to east wind. Even better are indications of a line-squall, for this also travels west to east and at greater speed than the cumulus clouds. On such a gale, Herr Greenhoff made his hop from Munich to Kaaden.

In the air, Greenhoff's glider looks like a long, slim fish. It carries but one seat and weighs 400 pounds. The wingspan is 42 feet, the length 24. Wings and tail-surfaces are covered with a special grade of fine airplane cloth, which is "doped" in the usual manner, that is, covered with a water-and-air proof preparation which also stiffens the cloth.

The wings, like those of all the most successful gliders, are long and tapering. The skeleton of the wings is made of spars, and the rear part has a high degree of flexibility, something like a bird's wing feathers. Ailerons occupy nearly half of the wings, a considerably higher proportion than on the motorized plane. The ailerons help keep the craft aloft by deflecting the air stream.

The speed at which the glider travels depends, of course, on the prevailing wind and air currents and on the skill of the pilot. It is generally figured at from 30 to 40 miles an hour.

An important factor in Uncle Sam's bid for South American air-trade supremacy is expected to be the "American Clipper" type of passenger flying-boat built by the Sikorsky Aviation

The 48-Passenger "American Clipper," Largest American Flying Boat, and Designed for a South American Air Route. In This Picture the Side Walls Are Cut Away to Show the Navigating Cockpit, the Five Luxurious Passenger Cabins, Each Seating Eight Persons, and in the Rear the Smoking Lounge, a Crew of Four Operators and a Steward is Carried.



Corporation for Pan-American Airways, of which Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh is technical adviser. This is not only the largest plane yet built in the United States, but is the last word in comfort and luxury for the passenger. The American Clipper, recently dedicated by Mrs. Hoover at Washington after its trial flight from the Sikorsky factory at Bridgeport, Conn., is named after the famous type of sailing vessel which 100 years ago made the American Merchant Marine supreme throughout the world.

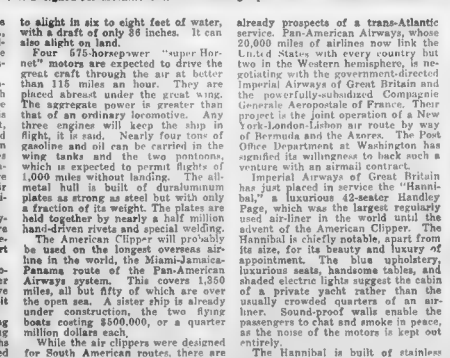
The flying clippers will carry comfortably 48 passengers, eight in each of the five main cabins and eight more in the smoking lounge. Each cabin is larger than a Pullman compartment, with wide aisles, eight-foot ceilings and large, unobstructed windows. The cabin walls are sound-proof from the engines and paneled in walnut with inlaid mahogany. The individual seats are adapted from an old English easy chair and are down-upholstered over aluminum.

The smoking salon, electrically equipped buffet and lady's parlor are all luxuriously furnished with every device for the convenience and comfort of the passenger.

The crew numbers five, pilot, co-pilot, radio operator, flight engineer and steward. All but the latter have ample accommodations in the cockpit in the bow.

The American Clipper is 80 feet long and 24 feet high with 114-foot wing span. Loaded, the flying boat weighs over 84,000 pounds. Yet it is designed

The Very Latest in Military Monoplanes. The British "Sydney," Graceful as a Gull, But Designed for Machine Gun and Bombing Operations. It Carries a Crew of Five.



to alight in air to eight feet of water, with a draft of only 36 inches. It can also alight on land.

Four 575-horsepower "super Hornet" motors are expected to drive the great craft through the air at better than 115 miles an hour. They are placed abreast under the great wing. The aggregate power is greater than that of an ordinary locomotive. Any three engines will keep the ship in flight, it is said. Nearly four tons of gasoline and oil can be carried in the wing tanks and the two pontoons, which is expected to permit flights of 1,000 miles without landing. The all-metal hull is built of duralumin plates as strong as steel but with only a fraction of its weight. The plates are held together by nearly a half million hand-driven rivets and special welding.

The American Clipper will probably be used on the longest overseas airline in the world, the Miami-Jamaica-Panama route of the Pan-American Airways system. This covers 1,850 miles, all but fifty of which are over the open sea. A sister ship is already under construction, the two flying boats costing \$600,000, or a quarter million dollars each.

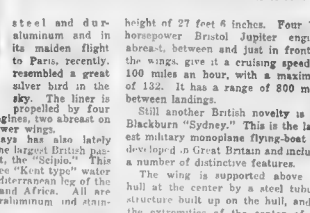
While the air clippers were designed for South American routes, there are

already prospects of a trans-Atlantic service. Pan-American Airways, whose 20,000 miles of airlines now link the United States with every country but two in the Western hemisphere, is negotiating with the government-directed Imperial Airways of Great Britain and the powerfully-subsidized Compagnie Generale Aeropostale of France. Their project is the joint operation of a New York-London-Lisbon air route by way of Bermuda and the Azores. The Post Office Department at Washington has awarded its willingness to back such a venture with an airmail contract.

Imperial Airways of Great Britain has just placed in service the "Hannibal," a luxurious 42-seater Handley Page, which was the largest regularly used air-liner in the world until the advent of the American Clipper. The Hannibal is chiefly notable, apart from its size, for its beauty and luxury of appointment. The blue upholstery, luxurious seats, handsome tables, and shaded electric lights suggest the cabin of a private yacht rather than the usually crowded quarters of an airliner. Sound-proof walls enable the passengers to chat and smoke in peace, as the noise of the motors is kept entirely.

The Hannibal is built of stainless steel.

A Mediterranean Air-Liner, the "Scipio," in Use on the England-to-India Route. This Four-Motored Flying Boat Carries Fifteen Passengers and a Ton and a Half of Mail.



steel and duralumin and in its maiden flight to Paris, recently, resembled a great silver bird in the sky. The liner is propelled by four

Bristol Jupiter engines, two abreast on the upper and lower wings.

Imperial Airways has also lately put into service the largest British passenger flying-boat, the "Scipio." This is the first of three "Kent type" water flyers for the Mediterranean leg of the route to India and Africa. All are four-motored, duralumin and stainless steel craft.

Scipio carries a "pay load" of 7,500 pounds, including fifteen passengers and one and a half tons of baggage and general freight. The crew consists of pilot, pilot-navigator, wireless operator and steward.

The passenger salon is 14 feet long by 8 feet 6 inches wide, with 6 feet 6 inches headroom. The fifteen passengers are arranged in four rows of four with a central aisle. Each passenger's armchair is equipped with a footrest, shaded electric light and large folding table. The noise of the engines is muffled by special sound-deadening insulation. Behind the main cabin, on one side is a fully equipped kitchen and on the other lavatory accommodations.

The Kent machines have a top-wing span of 113 feet, length of 78 feet and

height of 27 feet 6 inches. Four 555-horsepower Bristol Jupiter engines are abreast, between and just in front of the wings, give it a cruising speed of 100 miles an hour, with a maximum of 132. It has a range of 800 miles between landings.

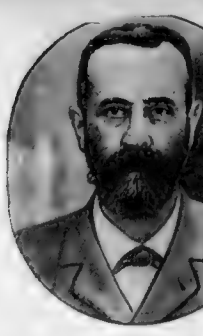
Still another British novelty is the Blackburn "Sydney." This is the largest military monoplane flying-boat yet developed in Great Britain and includes a number of distinctive features.

The wing is supported above the hull at the center by a steel tubular structure built up on the hull, and at the extremities of the center of the plane by two pairs of slanting struts from the hull.

Despite its military character, the Sydney is a very graceful looking boat. The wing closely resembles the wings of a gull in flight.

The monoplane is powered by three Rolls-Royce engines of 525 horsepower each. As the Sydney is a military aircraft, coming under the jurisdiction of the British War Ministry, details of its speed and flying performance are withheld, but a top speed of 120 miles an hour is expected. Gross weight, fully loaded, is nearly ten tons.

Accommodation is provided for a normal crew of five, comprising pilot, second pilot-navigator, wireless operator, engineer and gunner. The bow cockpit is arranged for machine gun operation, bombing and towing and mooring operations which are carried out by the crew.



The Famous Dr. Alphonse Bertillon, Probably the Greatest Scientific Detective Who Ever Lived, and the Inventor of the Police Fingerprint System and Many Other Police Devices for Unraveling Mysterious Crimes.

By H. Ashton-Wolfe
Former Assistant of the Famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Surete (French Detective Police)

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued from Last Sunday)
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I HAD at last obtained permission to install a museum composed of exhibits taken from our most interesting cases in a spare room at the Surete. Rousseau was watching approvingly while I labeled a row of portraits of notorious criminals.

"There is one that certainly ought to occupy the centre of your gallery of beauties, but which unfortunately you haven't got," he remarked thoughtfully, "and that's Hanoi Shan."

"Funny you should say that," I replied.

"I'm having a drawing made from a painting of the fellow when he was governor in Indo-China. Since he's never been photographed, it must suffice. As a matter of fact, I've been thinking much of him lately because there has been a rumor that Li Hung Tang, one of his henchmen, has been seen again. Answer me the 'phone, will you?" I added, "while I nail up this picture of Latouche. It's the last of the series."

It was our chief, Bertillon, calling for me, and handing Rousseau my tools, I hurried down the long passage to the room of retorts and crucibles, where I found Bertillon sitting at a table, scrutinizing a scrap of paper under a Zeiss enlarger. I saw that some Chinese letters in a red triangle had been painted in the centre. My chief held it up with a faint smile.

"I wonder if you can tell me what this is?" he said. "You've been in the East."

"Certainly," I replied. "It's the seal of the Hung Society, also known as the Tien Ti Hui, or the Brotherhood of Heaven and Earth. A very ancient, powerful secret society, with lodges all over China. It is more than probable that many of our own Masonic rituals were evolved from theirs. Formerly Pickering, Protector of Chinese in the Straits Settlements, recognized the Hung officially. Its teachings are highly moral and philosophical, but in time so many criminals used the organization for their own ends that it is now a penal offense to belong to it."

Bertillon looked at me in surprise, then he laughed silently. "I forgot that you speak the Mandarin tongue. You seem to have a gift for collecting queer knowledge. So this is the Hung seal. I've heard of it, too. Naturally, with the thousands of Chinese students in Paris, there is bound to be a lodge here. Where there are Chinese there are secret societies. Do you notice anything queer about the texture of that paper?"

"Why, yes—it's crisp and thin like a bank-note."

"Exactly! The expert from the Banque de France declares that it has been stolen from their paper factory and that it is a piece of authentic one-thousand-franc banknote paper. We have suspected for some time that huge quantities of counterfeit notes, so perfect that they cannot be distinguished from authentic notes except by comparing the numbers, are being passed in some exceptionally clever fashion. This fragment was discovered in the coat lining of a man we have not yet identified. He was found several days ago, at closing time, fast asleep in the Chinese room of the Louvre Museum. The attendant tried to rouse the fellow, but he seemed dazed or crazed, and quite unable to give a coherent account of himself. An ambulance conveyed him to La Pitie Hospital and the doctor diagnosed amnesia and acute mania of persecution, probably the result of a severe shock."

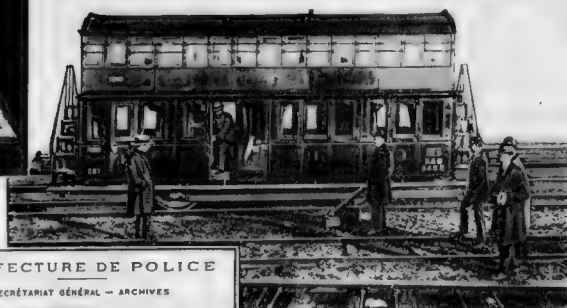
"On the back of his neck, just above the nerve centres, a small dragon, obviously Chinese, had been recently tattooed. The spot was still swollen and inflamed," Bertillon went on. "The man is a European and we have sent his fingerprints to all police departments. Ever since we received these reports regarding the counterfeit notes, we have tried to discover by elimination who could be behind an organization which, judged by the

Secrets of the Surete, The French Detective

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Formerly of the Police Laboratoire
How Modern Scientific Methods Unravel Baffling
Details of Remarkable Cases, With Photographic
Evidence from Official Files



The Scrap of Paper With the Sign of the Notorious Chinese "Hung Society." Found in the Coat Lining of an Unconscious Man, in the Chinese Room of the Louvre Museum, Paris.



Police Photograph of the Railway Car of the Local Train. The Open Door Shows the Compartment from Which the Murderer Stabbed the Banker Lebrun as the Express Train Passed. Dr. Bertillon Can Be Seen in the Doorway as the Great Detective Examines the Compartment.

PREFECTURE DE POLICE

SECRÉTARIAT GÉNÉRAL - ARCHIVES

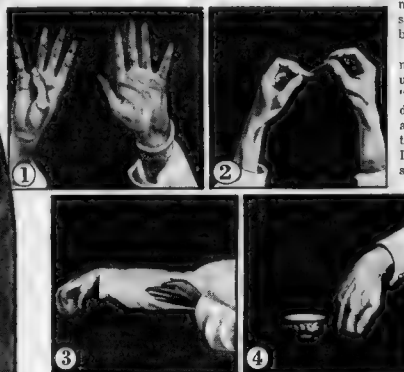


The Chinese Dancing Girl Called "The Lotus Flower."

magnitude of the undertaking, must be exceptionally rich and powerful. I had begun to suspect several Chinese even before the paper was found. That Oriental dancing girl, The Lotus, is constantly traveling to Vichy, Aix-les-Bains and Monte Carlo, where her wild gambling has made her notorious, and we know that nowhere are large sums of counterfeit notes so easily passed as in the international gambling halls. Moreover, the records at the State bank show that two Corsicans, Tomasini and Costa, specialists in the bank's paper factory, were dismissed a couple of years ago and that despite the vigilance of the police they disappeared.

"I have sent a photograph of the mysterious man on whom this queer symbol was found to the director of the bank. He may be one of the missing Corsicans. I am expecting a message at any moment. Meanwhile I'd like you to go to the Chinese curio shop of Ho Tze Kiang in the rue St. Lazare. I have had some queer reports about the fellow. Try to have a chat with him, buy some trifle if you like, but be careful not to arouse his suspicions. Wait, there is the telephone."

Bertillon listened for several minutes with a



Secret Signs of the Notorious "Hung Society," as Classified in the Paris Surete Headquarters.
1—The 9-Finger Sign. 2—Flicking-the-Finger Sign. 3—A Teacup Sign. 4—Bowing-to-the-Cup Sign.

puzzled frown, then he turned again to me and added:

"So I was right. The man at La Pitie is Costa the Corsican. The bank identified him from the photograph I sent, although they say he has apparently become an old man since he left them. Pick up Rousseau on your way down. I should like him to keep the curio shop constantly under observation. It is not, of course, a case of one Chinese only. Dufrene has already set a watch on all the cafes and clubs where Oriental students meet; but Ho Tze Kiang is a man with considerable influence, and it may be he is the mysterious leader of the forgers. Return here the moment you have anything to report."

I at once apprised Rousseau of our unexpected mission, and we proceeded to the rue St. Lazare. The large double-fronted shop was littered with ivory figures, weapons and beautiful porcelain, and above the door floated a yellow flag with a great embroidered dragon. Pointing to a handsome blue vase on the counter I suggested we should ask the price and at once pushed the door open. A squat, powerful Chinese, obviously the proprietor, had been in earnest conversation with a man whose back was towards us, but at our abrupt entry both suddenly fell silent, and two inscrutable black eyes surveyed me from head to foot.

"Stay," the curio dealer muttered rapidly in Chinese. "These are but customers."

"No, I dare not wait," the other replied, and as he turned I saw he was also a Chinese, although dressed in fashionable European clothes. "I will return at six. Let my brother receive me alone, for I shall have important news." And with a queer thrill I saw him extend the five fingers of his right hand, widely apart, with a swift furtive gesture—the greeting of the Tien Ti Hui!

Obviously the shopkeeper was eager to be rid of us, so feigning to be annoyed at his unfriendly manner, I declined to pay the price he asked for the vase and left the shop at once. I had determined to be present at that interview at six, for I realized that right at the outset, by mere good fortune, I had already obtained proof that Ho Tze Kiang was a member of the notorious Hung Society. Taking Rousseau by the arm I led him to a nearby cafe.

"Oh, bien, my friend?" he growled, when we were seated before a bottle of wine. "You seem strangely excited. Did you recognize the yellow

THE methods of modern science, the fields of medicine, agriculture, industry applied to the detection of crime France, Germany and England, have been readers of the American Weekly.

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, recently Assistant Police Laboratory, and for many years ass the Paris Surete (French Detective Police) modern scientific detectives, again opens the Bureau and shows by further examples how science often uncovers the most carefully of the most baffling mysteries.

"The stories which I have selected for official records, only one or two details have avoid giving pain and reopening old wounds."

"I have myself taken part in the investigation of the criminals. Several of the cases I have the ingenuity displayed both by the law-"

man in the frock coat? I fancy I've seen him before, but I can't remember where."

"No, it's not that—I can't explain now, but I've got to get into the shop unobserved before six," I replied. "You'll have to start something to draw Kiang into the street. There is a small door at the back, which leads to the courtyard. If I can open that, I believe I'll be able to hide behind a screen or under a counter."

"Yes, but how about getting out afterwards?"

"In the same way, while one of our men keeps Kiang busy at the front of the shop."

"All right," Rousseau said with a twinkle in his eyes. "I'll stage a fight that'll land the combatants among the china in his doorway, and an agent shall ask the Chinese a lot of questions. When do you want the row to start?"

"Give me an hour to change and get back; that'll be five o'clock—just right. When you see me slip past the main entrance you can begin your play at once."

Leaving the old brigadier to make his arrangements I donned dark clothes and rubber-soled shoes, and dirtied my face and hands until very little skin remained visible, so that I should blend with the shadows. The hour was chiming as I slipped quickly past the concierge, a bundle of skeleton keys in my pocket. Hardly had I gained the door at the rear when loud cries and furious oaths came from the street, then the spiteful crack of a pistol, followed at once by screams and the clatter and whirr of breaking pottery. Looking through the glass top of the door I saw the Chinese struggling madly with two ruffianly men, while a uniformed policeman tried in vain to tear them apart.

It was my opportunity. A rapid test of the keys, a twist of the handle, and I was inside. To my right, almost against the wall, several bales of silk had been heaped on a plank supported by two trestles. It was an ideal hiding place, for the silk hung in heavy folds to the floor. Panting with excitement I slipped underneath and crouched in the darkest corner. Judging by the noise, several officers had now come to their colleagues' assistance and were dragging the fighters away. A moment later the door slammed shut and the Chinese came lurching into the shop and collapsed on a chair, breathing heavily.

"You are hurt, monsieur!" I heard Rousseau ask solicitously. He had assumed a disguise and followed Kiang, to make sure all was well with me.

"No—not hurt," the man answered, "but startled. Whatever caused that fearful fight?" "A dangerous criminal, monsieur. We had been watching him for some time; I am from headquarters. When our men tried to arrest him he shot at them. We are very sorry it should have happened in front of your shop. If you will make a list of the articles that were smashed I'll see you are paid for them. I will call tomorrow."

"Certainly, certainly—I am glad you got the fellow. I close at six and will then see what was broken."

"In that case, perhaps, you would like me to call again tonight," Rousseau hurriedly interposed, anxious to give me a chance to escape. "It's possible I may have to request you to come to the Surete as a witness."

"Not tonight, monsieur, not tonight. I have much work to do," and with a muttered apology, he conducted the brigadier to the street. My position under the bales of silk was not pleasant,

Active Police

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r. Mr. Ashton-Wolfe writes.
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out at the worst I had determined to allow my-
self to be arrested as a thief. Fortunately the
man did not once approach the end of the shop.
Instead he busied himself for a time with his
merchandise, clearing the windows; then I heard
the heavy iron shutters rattle and clang into their
sockets, and as six o'clock struck at the nearby
church, the door opened and closed and a sibilant
voice exclaimed in Chinese:

"Go at once to a public eating-house, brother.
Tonight the lion's cub shall bathe, and the Lotus
flower its perfume. See that you are with men who
can testify to your presence."

"Whom will the lion's cub obey, and why has
it not been decided that the Lotus shall also cross
the bridge of iron and brass?"

"Our brother with the scar will loosen the
cub, and it is intended that the enemy shall sus-
pect the Lotus flower. Therefore she stays on
earth, but henceforth she will be dumb. I salute
you in the name of the five ancestors. Close your
house and let us go."

Before I realized what was happening there
came a crash of metal behind me as the shutter
protecting the door by which I had entered
dropped and locked, and a moment later I was
alone in the shop, in pitch darkness and a
risoner. My nerves tingled with the shock of
what I had heard, for in the secret phrases of the
Lung Society, a lion's cub meant a dagger, and the
Lotus was clearly the Chinese dancing girl,
somewhere, then, a murder was about to be com-
mitted by a man with a scar.

I hastily crawled out from under the silk, but
in my haste I had forgotten to take a pocket
lamp and I dared not risk upsetting the fragile
goods around me. My only hope was that Rou-
seau would come to release me, but hour after
hour dragged by with no sign of him. None of
my keys would fit the Yale locks on the shutters
and already I had begun to despair of getting out
when, suddenly, while blindly groping over
a counter, my hand encountered a telephone.

With a gasp of relief I called the exchange
and demanded the Qual des Orfèvres. I knew
my words would still be on duty and after waiting
a few minutes that seemed to me like centuries,
I heard his welcome voice.

"Quick!" I cried. "Send a car and a locksmith
to the curio shop in the rue St. Lazare. I'm a
woner there."

"What the devil!" my friend was beginning,
I cut him short. "Don't waste time—listen—
Bertillon there?"

"No, he went long ago, but Dufresne is still
in office."

"Find out at once if he knows where the
dancer, the Lotus, is likely to be tonight.
Murder has been planned—I'll hold the
line."

Another endless wait ensued, then my friend's
voice came again. "The car and Durand are on
their way. The girl vanished a week ago. No one
knows where she is. Bertillon is coming here—
telephoned to his house."

"And Rousseau?"

"No news of him—he didn't report."

I replaced the receiver with heavy heart,
wondering how we could discover in time where
a crime was to be committed. When at last
a lock expert pushed up the shutter, it was
early ten, and another half hour elapsed before
I reached headquarters. Bertillon looked at my
aggard, dirty face with a frown.

"Tell me," he said, "as quickly as you can,
and when I had related the events of the day he
wasted so much time in futile comments. Turning to
Louys he exclaimed crisply:

"These are authentic secret phrases of the Tien Ti
Hui, and it is probably the first time they have been
made public. How the author obtained them—he is
not at liberty to say."



"You'll have to start some-
thing to draw Kiang into the
street," I said.

"All right," said Rousseau. "I'll
stage a fight that'll land the combatants
among the china in his doorway."

Hardly had I gained the door when loud
cries and furious oaths came from the street,
followed at once by screams and the clatter and
whirr of breaking pottery. I slipped in and
crouched in the darkest corner.

"Get a car—I know where Ho Taze Kiang
lives—we'll go there at once."

Before my colleagues returned, however,
Rousseau came running up the stairs.

"I followed the two Chinese when they left
the shop," he cried. "I could not return sooner
because they wandered from cafe to cafe, but at
last they settled down to dine at Armenonville,
so I left a local man to watch and hurried to the
shop, where I learned from the constable on duty
that a Surete car had come and gone."

Bertillon nodded thoughtfully.

"If we arrested Kiang we should simply
alarm the leaders," he said. "Even if a Juge
d'Instruction believed the tale of those cryptic
words in Chinese, they prove nothing. No one
can swear to what they mean. Kiang would
simply laugh at us. No, we can only wait. Order
the exchange not to connect him if he tries to
ring up anyone from his shop or his home. But
tell them to note the number for which he asks.
See that he is constantly shadowed and report
here tomorrow morning."

When I entered Bertillon's office the next day
I saw at once that my interpretation of the mys-
terious conversation had been correct.

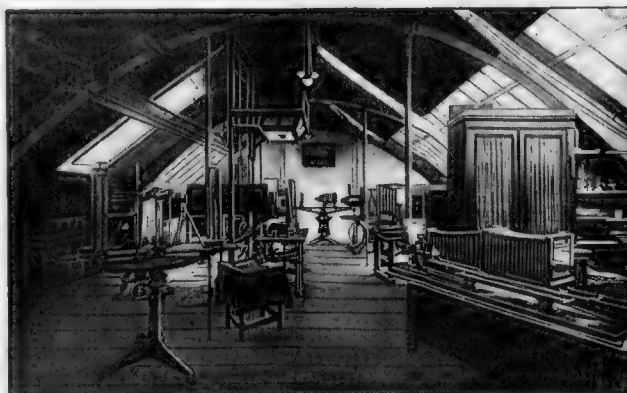
"You made no mistake," my chief said grimly.
"Maurice Lebruneau, the banker, was killed last
night, and the manner of his death gives us little
hope of tracing the assassin. He was found
stabbed to the heart in a compartment of Train
No. 18. That's the Paris-Ventimiglia Express.
His suitcase, which a porter had placed in the
luggage rack above his head, had disappeared,
and although all the passengers were searched at
Sens fifteen minutes after the crime was dis-
covered, nothing was found that would implicate
any of them."

"On the same train, traveling with Lebruneau
to Monte Carlo, was the Chinese dancing girl.
She is detained in hospital pending our arrival,
because, like Costa the Corsican, she appears
dazed and ill and is quite unable to answer any
questions. I imagine Lebruneau and the girl
have been employed by this mysterious gang to
pass their counterfeit banknotes, for we found
a bundle of them in a trunk that had been reg-
istered. Probably they were trying to get out
of the country with the money they had accumu-
lated when this swift and spectacular vengeance
overtook them. Evidently the leader of the gang
hoped that the girl would be thought guilty of
the crime. These people have discovered a
method whereby they can cause those whom they
do not wish to kill to become insane. God knows
how it is done. Naturally, such a fate, more
dreadful than death, is meant to terrify others
who might feel inclined to flee or to inform
against them. The railroad car with the body
stands in a siding at Sens, sealed and guarded
by gendarmes. Get your outfit, we'll go there
at once."

Inspector Louys was waiting at the station
when we arrived and pointed out the compart-
ment in which the body of the dead banker was
lying.

"Nothing has been touched," he said. "The
windows were closed, the curtains drawn and
the lamp in the ceiling turned off as though
Lebruneau had prepared for sleep."

"That's curious," Bertillon exclaimed, "for
he was traveling with the dancing girl. It was
barely 10, and she had gone to the dining car.
I should have thought he would have waited
until she came back before settling himself for



The Camera Room of the Paris Police Laboratory, Where Mr. Ashton-Wolfe Developed His Photographs and Fingerprints and Made His Enlargements.

the night. Wait, I'll examine the outside of the
carriage first."

While I measured the distance separating the
windows, my chief scribbled busily in his famous
notebook, then, in the presence of the local com-
missaire, the seals were taken from the doors
and we entered the narrow corridor, strangely
silent now and filled with a musty, unpleasant
odor of stale smoke. Sprawling sideways on the
cushion of a first-class compartment was the
body of a handsome man of forty. A small cut
just above the heart showed darkly crimson on
his tweed jacket, and a pool of blood had col-
lected on the seat and floor. The doctor Bertillon
had summoned at once examined the wound.

"This was made by no ordinary dagger," he
remarked with puckered brows. "A long thin
blade of the stiletto type, I should say; it struck
upwards and was instantly withdrawn."
"I thought as much when I saw that so much
blood had spouted from such a tiny orifice.
Stand back while I examine the compartment,"
was Bertillon's comment.

For once the great detective was distinctly
puzzled. When he had scrutinized the lamp and
the door he turned to the local commissaire with
a swift fire of questions.

"You are sure that the windows were shut
and the blinds down when you came?"

"Certain, monsieur. I know how much such
details mean to you and especially noted them."

"Who gave the alarm?"

"The dancing girl. She ran screaming to the
sleeping car attendant, busy preparing the beds
in the next car, and dragged him with her."

"What did she say to him?"

"Nothing he could understand. When ques-
tioned the man stated that she jabbered in a
language that might have been Chinese, and he
naturally followed at once to see what had ter-
rified her so, because only a moment before she
had passed him and was then jauntily smoking
a cigarette."

"Ah! That accounts for the half of an Aris-
ton de luxe, with mauve silk tip. I found by the
door. Go on, please."

"Since the man still moved, or seemed to
move, the attendant pulled the alarm signal—"

"The fool! Just what he should not have
done. The train thereupon slowed down and
stopped, of course, giving the murderer his op-
portunity."

"No, monsieur, I thought of that; it would
have been too late. The girl's screams had
brought all the passengers crowding into the cor-
ridors. Some one would have seen him jump
from the train."

"Unless he was already crouching on the
steps outside one of the doors," said Bertillon.
"And yet no—that cannot be, for blood has
splashed in the direction of the window. The
blow came from there and not from the corridor.
That is obvious from the way Lebruneau is lying."

"It was bloodstains and the weapon we
searched for when the train halted at Sens. No
one was allowed to leave. But we found nothing.
We paid great attention to hands and sleeves."

"How long did the search last?"

"About half an hour—we could not hold up
the train more than that. But four detectives re-
mained on board and continued the investigation.
The railroad track was also explored for several
miles, in case the weapon had been thrown out."

"It was a sword stick, I fancy; you naturally
did not examine the walking sticks the passen-
gers carried?"

"Oh, yes, we did. I had not overlooked that
possibility, since it explained why the wound was
so small and why we found no trace of blood on
any one's hands. There was, however, no such
weapon on the train. Yet the murderer could
not have dealt the blow from outside, because
as you see, the running board does not go the
length of the car, as on ordinary trains."

"Well, it is most mysterious," Bertillon said.
"I can only assume someone was under the seat
and that he emerged when Lebruneau rose to
switch off the light, stabbed him, and instantly
disappeared. You have a list of the passengers
who were on the train?"

Without a word the commissaire produced a
sheet of paper.

"We will go now to the infirmary and ques-
tion the girl," my chief said. "So far I have no

(Continued on Page 20)

MEN • DON'T RISK LOSING YOUR JOB THIS WINTER

**JOBS CAN'T BE HELD
BY SICK MEN • PROTECT
YOURSELF AGAINST
COLDS • GRIPPE • FLU**



THIS is the year of all years for health economy! Stop a moment and consider this year's hard facts. Think of those friends of yours who have now been out of work for months. What's the real difference between those out-of-luck friends and yourself?

Brains? Strength? Greater ability? Don't fool yourself! Doctors can tell you the answer—if you don't already know it. In many cases it's just simply a matter of carelessness in the little details of health! Men who are sick part of the time—men who are half sick all the time—lose their grip—lack punch—can't fight hard enough to hold on long in years when jobs are scarce.

And the families of men who are out of work! How they suffer!

"It all Started with an Ordinary Cold!"

Lots of people laugh when they are told that the common, ordinary everyday cold is a man's very worst enemy.

"What! Colds serious! I've thrown them off by the dozen!" But Science now knows the common cold causes more loss in dollars and cents than any other disease (read Dr. Damrau's remarkable booklet—see coupon below). Every year people who had "always escaped before" become the victims of flu... grippe... pneumonia... mastoid operations... serious sickness, sometimes fatal—all from the common, ordinary cold. And remember—this year of all years—sick men can't hold jobs long—doctor's bills, medicine bills, family expenses, all keep on.

Wear "Health Insurance"

Realize ahead of time the common-sense connection between the clothing you put next to your skin and your physical condition! A simple little thing like a piece of cloth can stand between you and distress! Colds can be avoided in any climate. To avoid them—avoid chilling moisture on the surface of the skin after exercise, on leaving heated rooms, busses, cars, trains, etc. And keep body temperature up to normal.

DUOFOLD Health Underwear—and DUOFOLD alone—is scientifically constructed with two exceedingly thin layers ingeniously knitted together to meet these health requirements—with light-weight comfort!

Wool combined with Peruvian cotton, silk, rayon, or Durene in the outer layer keeps the cold out and the body heat in. Soft cotton in the inner layer affords real solid comfort. You get all the health value of wool without a bit of its itch—not a single strand of the wool touches the skin. Tiny air spaces between layers afford nature's finest health insulation. The two layers also protect against dangerous chilling of moisture on the skin. The pores are constantly throwing off moisture—winter and summer. With DUOFOLD, this moisture is quickly absorbed by the cotton inner layer, then by and to the outer layer, where it evaporates away from the skin!

No other health fabric in the world is made like DUOFOLD. It's more than just underwear—it is the modern scientific way to protect yourself and your family against colds, gripe and pneumonia. If it cost twice as much (it would still be this winter's most sensible economy! Prevent colds from "running through the family" this winter—insist on DUOFOLD for every member.

COLDS COST MORE THAN

Duofold

the **HEALTH**
Underwear



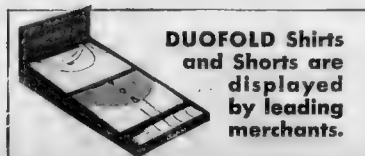
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Other models from athletic union suits at \$3.00 to full length, \$3.75 and up. Also Shirts and Drawers—all models.



**DUOFOLD Shirts
and Shorts are
displayed
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merchants.**

Demand DUOFOLD—Best Dealers Feature It

Ask for DUOFOLD—and insist on getting it. Best dealers everywhere feature it in all popular styles.

Mothers! . . . Give Children this Protection!

DUOFOLD garments protect children from the sudden temperature changes when they romp from over-heated houses out into the cold.

The Secret of DUOFOLD'S Unequaled Protection and Light Weight

DUOFOLD alone is made of two layers of different, very thin fabrics...unequaled warmth of fine wool combined with Peruvian cotton, silk, rayon or Durene in outer layer...exclusive extra protection of the air spaces between...inner layer of smoothest, softest cotton—no wool against skin, no irritating itch—solid comfort in the scientifically perfect undergarment.



MAIL this Coupon for FREE Sample and Dr. Damrau's Booklet

Clip and mail today—right now—for free copy of booklet "Must I Catch Cold?", by Dr. Frederic Damrau, eminent medical authority on colds and their prevention. With it you'll receive sample of DUOFOLD health fabric. Examine it at home. Pull it apart, and see for yourself how different it is—how completely it affords health protection as no other fabric made possibly can.

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Name

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CAMEL
HUMIDOR
PACK

Of course they're friendly to your throat —and they're **FRESH!**

THERE are three things about a cigarette that can sting the tongue and unkindly burn the throat.

- (1) *Harsh tobaccos.*
- (2) *Particles of peppery dust left in the tobaccos because of inefficient cleaning methods.*
- (3) *A parched dry condition of the tobacco due to loss of natural moisture by overheating or evaporation.*

Camels in the Camel Humidor Pack are fine cigarettes kept fine, free of every one of these drawbacks to real smoking pleasure! They are blended of the choicest tobaccos—fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos—the choicest that money and experience can buy.

They are kept free from the sting of peppery dust by a special vacuum-cleaning process.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons—Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard—Columbia System—every night except Sunday

They are perfectly conditioned, factory-fresh wherever you buy them, thanks to the Camel Humidor Pack.

This scientific germ-safe wrapping—seals in all the natural freshness and aroma—seals it so tightly that wet weather cannot make Camels damp, nor drought weather make them dry.

As a favor to your throat try factory-fresh Camels for just one day, then quit them—if you can.

CAMELS

Mild... NO CIGARETTE AFTER-TASTE



Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked.

CORNS! The House Next Door By Burton Stevenson

(Continued from Page 14)

Relief in 1 Minute

No stinging! In one minute painful corns or tender toes are relieved when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Their healing, soothing medication gives you this magic relief. Their cushioning, protective feature removes the cause—friction and pressure.

100% SAFE

Zino-pads are positively safe, sure. Using harsh liquids or plaster often causes as much harm as the corn or callous itself. Zino-pads are small, thin, durable, easy to apply. Sizes for Corns, Calluses, Blisters, Bunions, etc. All drug stores, shoe stores, and health stores. Only Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads.

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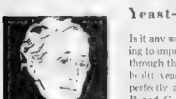


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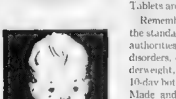
the only kind of yeast suitable for all ages



Here are 7 reasons why you should eat Yeast Foam Tablets—the modern form of Health Yeast—read them carefully



Is it any wonder that thousands of people are seeking to improve or to retain their health and energy through the aid of this modern, this better form of health yeast? Its advantages, set forth above, are perfectly apparent. Its potency, in the essential B and G vitamins (hence its corrective value), exceeds that of any other natural foodstuff.



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Make This Simple Test
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and devotee scholar his daughter portrayed, but apparently Bernstein was satisfied.

"Now, Miss Verity," he said, "I want you to tell us in your own words exactly what happened last Tuesday afternoon."

She paused for a moment to arrange her memory and then told clearly and in detail the story which has already been set down here.

"What time was it you left the house?" asked Bernstein, when she had finished.

"About four o'clock."

"Can you be more definite?"

"I glanced at the clock in the kitchen as I went through the garage to get the car. It was then ten minutes of four."

"And Mr. Lester's train was due at four-twenty-nine, was it not?"

"Yes."

"How long would it take you to get to the station?"

"Less than ten minutes. I should say, if I had gone directly there."

"But I had one or two household errands to do first."

"And you did them?"

"Yes. I called at Carlisle's shoe shop, and the fruit store on First Street."

Bernstein made a note of these, and then said:

"Well, there anyone in your house Tuesday afternoon except your father and yourself?"

"No."

"No—only a woman who comes in the mornings."

"Was your father expecting anyone?"

"He was expecting Mr. Lester."

"Any one else?"

"I have since learned that he was expecting Mr. Carnevali, but I did not know it at the time."

"No one else?"

"No—so far as I know, at least."

And then it suddenly occurred to me that Verity had been expecting someone else. He was to have had two witnesses to the will. Carnevali was one of them. He was the other.

But Bernstein was proceeding with his examination and I forced my attention back to the story.

"Since last Tuesday," he asked, "have you discovered anything which would lead you to think that someone had visited the house during the time you were away meeting Mr. Lester?"

"Discovered anything?" she asked, staring at him, the color reeling from her cheeks. "I do not understand you."

"I thought perhaps you had discovered something of your own to be missing or displaced."

Bernstein slowly, his eyes on her, "Or something disturbed—a heavy apron, a chair overturned, for example. Or traces of footprints in the hall or on the stairs."

Perhaps it was only my fancy, but it seemed to me that a little flush of relief creased her face.

"No, I discovered nothing of the sort," she said.

"Then you have no reason to think that anyone entered the house during your absence?"

Both Bernstein and Simmonds were looking at her closely, and again I felt that a trap was being laid for her.

"No reason, whatever," she answered promptly.

Simmonds and Bernstein glanced at each other, then the latter bent over his notes again.

"You say you missed nothing from the house?" he asked.

"No, nothing."

"Was there any considerable sum of money there, or any object of great value which might tempt a thief?"

"Oh, no," she answered with a smile that had a tinge of sadness in it.

Bernstein looked at her.

"You mean,—"

"I mean that we have always been quite poor," she answered slowly.

"Perhaps there was some object," Bernstein persisted, "but, while not valuable in itself, would be of value to certain people, or which certain people might wish destroyed?"

"I knew, of course, what he was hinting at and I could not doubt that Miss Verity knew it too, but she did not waver."

"I know of no such object," she replied.

After Bernstein paused as though he had come to an impasse, or, at least, reached the end of a certain road.

"Did your father have an income from his work?" he asked.

"Oh, no. I do not think so. He would get no return from his book until it was finished."

"What, then, had he lived on?"

"The interest was in my mind, and I supposed that it was in Bernstein's, too. But he had the decency not to ask it. Instead he asked another, a hint pointed in the same direction."

"You tell me where your father did his banking?"

"At the Granite National Bank, on Fifth Avenue, I think. At least he drew a check upon it occasionally."

subsequent events which I have already set down in a preceding chapter.

"Now, Mr. Lester," Bernstein began, when I had finished, "you say you came to Mount Vernon at Mr. Verity's instant request to look over the draft of a will which he wished to sign at once. Did he give you any reason for being in such a hurry?"

"No. He simply said it would be very inconvenient to postpone it."

"Even for a day?"

"Yes, apparently even for a day."

"Did not that strike you as peculiar?"

"Not especially. Some people are like that when it comes to making a will."

"The will was not signed?"

"Certainly not."

"Why are you so sure?"

"Because Verity was dead when I got there."

"But how did you know?"

"I saw her lying face upward, that he did not sign it before you arrived."

"Of course," I stammered, "he must have done that. But I consider it most improbable."

"However, you cannot be sure."

"No," I admitted, "I suppose not."

"And if it was signed, it would be binding?"

"Yes, if it was in legal form and the signature was properly witnessed."

Bernstein leaned back in his chair with a smile of triumph, feeling contentedly that he had scored at my expense. I had not the least idea what he was driving at, or what he was driving at anything except a little cheap personal vanity-glory.

"Now, Mr. Lester," he continued, "let us assume that the will was not signed. In that case Mr. Verity died intestate, did he not?"

"By no means," I answered. "There is an earlier will, made about fifteen years ago, just before he went to India. It remains in force if there is no later one."

If this was news to Bernstein, he managed to keep his countenance.

"Ah, yes," he said. "And this will is in your keeping, I believe?"

"In the keeping of our firm, yes. It was drawn by Mr. Hoyle."

"Are you familiar with its provisions?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell us what they are?"

"Certainly—it will be probated in a few days. Mr. Verity left his entire estate to his daughter, Miss Janet Verity, in trust until her twentieth birthday, and absolutely after that."

"Just so," Bernstein nodded.

"And did Mr. Verity indicate to you in what way he wished to alter this provision?"

"No. He said simply that he had drafted a new will, which he wished me to examine before he signed it."

"Why did he wish you to examine it?"

"Because, naturally enough, he wanted to be sure it was in legal form."

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Her golden hair is magnificent, attractive. Her hair is more than any other girl in the crowd. And it's blonde. This special shampoo puts sparkling, glorious golden color in her hair. Not only does blonde prevent dandruff—but safely brings back alluring golden brightness to faded, listless light hair. Not a dye. Simply a fine powder that bubbles instantly into a penetrating foam. Fine for hair and scalp. Thousands of lovely blondes testify to it. At all drug and department stores.



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Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint which beard and use daily as an astringent.

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The House Next Door By Burton Stevenson

(Continued from Page 20)

"In other words," said Bernstein, "the waiter who served it could not be broken—that it was fool-proof."

"Yes," I agreed, stammering a little at this unexpected use of Verity's words. "That is always the object, is it not?"

"I am asking you," said Bernstein, "did this observation called for no reply and so kept silent?"

"Did you see this draft?" asked Bernstein, after a moment.

"Did you look for it?"

"Mr. Verity looked for it, at my suggestion, but failed to find it."

"Where did he look?"

"On Mr. Verity's desk and in it."

"Nowhere else?"

"No."

"What made you think it would be on or in his desk?"

"I assumed that he would have it at hand to show me as soon as I arrived."

"A very natural assumption," said Bernstein, purred.

"Was Mr. Verity alone when he made his search?"

"I believe Miss Verity assisted him."

Bernstein paused and looked at me a moment. Then he leaned forward again.

"Mr. Lester," he asked, "why were you so anxious that this will should be found?"

"I was not anxious," I protested, "but I thought that Miss Verity might wish to know what changes her father had in mind."

"Precisely," agreed Bernstein. "And did it not also occur to you that those changes, whatever they might be, would perhaps give a clue to the motive of the person who killed Mr. Verity?"

"I did not realize, believe me, that Mr. Verity was killed," I said.

"But if he was?"

"Yes, that occurred to me," I admitted.

"And it has disappeared?"

"We failed to find it. I thought perhaps the police had taken it."

"No, Mr. Lester," said Bernstein, with his sardonic smile, "the police did not take it. Therefore somebody else did. I will not conceal from you that we should like very much to see it." He started to say something more, but Simmonds made a little noise in his throat, and he stopped short. "That is all," he said gruffly, and I returned to my seat with the feeling that I had fully upheld the tradition that lawyers usually make fools of themselves on the stand.

CHAPTER VII. Sensational Testimony.

CARNEVALI was the next witness, and as he took the seat facing the audience and looked coolly about the courtroom, I heard again that stir of interest. For Carnevali was a picturesque-looking person. To an Anglo-Saxon eye he looked romantic and sinister. He is the type which, on our stage, is always cast for the villain of the piece. I was sure that nobody in the audience would be surprised if that should turn out to be his role now.

His full name, he said, in answer to Bernstein's questions, was Emilio Carnevali. He was by profession a dealer in antiques. He had had a business in Florence for many years. It had been his father's before him. He had come to America about three months previously, open a branch in New York, since it was only Americans who any longer had money to buy antiques. He had found it impossible to sleep in the city—though if he slept in Florence, which is the noisiest city in the world, it seemed to me he could sleep anywhere—and had leased the house here in Mount Vernon a few weeks ago. His household consisted of his wife and a married couple whom he had taken over from the owner of the house, the woman acting as cook and housemaid and the man as chauffeur and gardener. Madame Carnevali and he had not known the Verity family until he had always considered Professor Verity a scholar of great ability. He himself knew a little about India, and Professor Verity had honored him by reading him portions of his book. He thought it a work of the highest erudition, and he happened to know, did Mr. Chandler.

"Who is Mr. Chandler?" Bernstein inquired.

"He is the great Hindu savant," Carnevali explained blandly.

"What is his first name?" and Bernstein prepared to make a note.

"But I do not think he has a first name," said Carnevali.

"Do you know where he lives?"

"But certainly, sir. He lives next door to Mr. Verity, on the other side from my own house. I supposed you knew it."

"No," drawled Bernstein, "I did not know it. I had no idea Mount Vernon had such a distinguished resident."

"Carnevali spread his hands with a deprecating gesture."

"One would never suspect it to look at him," he said. "He is very quiet and unassuming. But he is a great scholar, nevertheless."

"We will have to look him up," said Bernstein. "Now suppose you tell us about Tuesday afternoon."

It seemed to me that there was a smug look about Carnevali, as though he were especially pleased with himself about something. I wondered if his reference to the Hindu savant had been as casual as it seemed.

"On Tuesday morning," Carnevali began, "I did not go to the city as I usually do because I had some letters to write and some personal affairs to attend to. I did not leave the house, in fact. It was about noon when Professor Verity called on me on

the telephone and inquired if I planned to be at home that afternoon. I replied that I should certainly be, because I was expecting a visit from some men with whom I had made a business appointment. He then said that there was a legal document which he was to sign, and he would like me to witness his signature."

"Did he mention the nature of this document?"

"He did not, sir."

"You are sure of that?"

"I am quite sure, sir. In fact, if he had," Carnevali added with a smile, "I should probably have excused myself. We Italians believe it is bad luck to write one's name upon a will."

Bernstein nodded.

"Yes, I know," he said. "Go ahead."

"Not suspecting that it was a will," Carnevali continued, "I said I should be very glad to be of service to him, and he thereupon told me that he was expecting his attorney at about half past four, and that he would call me when he arrived. My visitors, in accordance with their appointment, arrived at half past three and I was with them for about an hour. As I was showing them out, I saw

Miss Verity drive in from the street with a map on the seat beside her whom I judged to be the attorney, and on, instead of waiting for a call, as I perhaps should have done, I walked over to the Verity place a few minutes later and knocked at the door of the study."

"One moment, Mr. Carnevali," broke in Bernstein. "Who were these men with whom you had an appointment?"

"One of them was Arturo Bori, who conducts a business in antiques on West Forty-Sixth Street. The other was his manager, a Mr. Bonelli. I have been negotiating with Mr. Bori for the purchase of his business."

Bernstein made a note of the names.

"You were with these men from approximately three-thirty until four-thirty?"

Bernstein asked.

"During that time did you see anyone enter or leave the Verity place?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Your study is on the side next the Verity place, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, it is, but there is a great deal of shrubbery. Besides, I am not in the habit of watching my neighbors."

"Is this your first visit to this country?"

"It is my first visit—yes."

"How does it happen you speak English so well?"

"I was sent to England by my father and remained there for some years. And in my business," Carnevali added, with a smile, "one gets much practice."

"One of the court attendants, tip-toeing forward, handed a note to Simmonds, who opened it, read it, and said a few words into Bernstein's ear."

"Where is your principal place of business, Mr. Carnevali?" Bernstein asked.

"In Florence—Via del Corso, number 62."

"Thank you, Mr. Carnevali," said Bernstein, with great politeness, as he made a note of the address. "That will be all, I think," and he called Doctor Hamilton.

Hamilton told briefly of his attendance upon Verity during the past four or five years, and of the increasing severity of the sciatica from which his patient suffered.

"Just what is sciatica?" asked Bernstein.

"It is a disease of the sciatic nerve, the largest nerve in the

body, which issues from the pelvis and runs down the back of the thigh."

"Is it a fatal disease?"

"Not in itself. But it is very painful and sometimes very difficult to cure when its cause is obscure, as it was in this case."

"You say it is very painful?"

"Yes—to attempt to walk, or even to move, is sometimes quite agonizing."

"What measures do you usually take to control the pain?"

"It cannot be controlled effectively, but it can be relieved by narcotics."

"Did you employ narcotics with Mr. Verity?"

"Yes, sometimes. He was very nervous and sensitive to pain."

"What narcotic did you employ?"

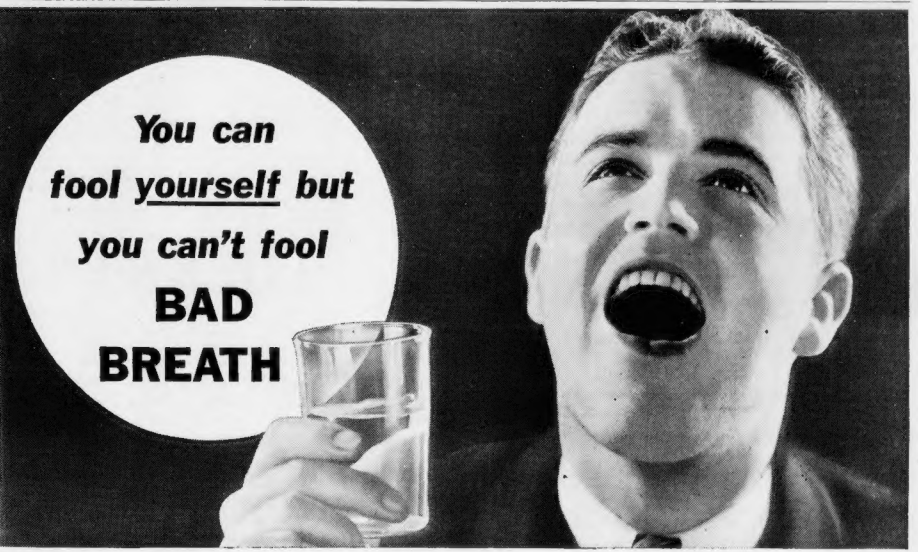
"Morphine usually," answered Hamilton, a little shortly. "He had a severe case."

"But it could not have caused death?"

"Oh, no. Otherwise there was nothing seriously the matter with him."

"What, then, did cause death?"

(Continued on Page 22)



You can fool yourself but you can't fool BAD BREATH

Millions gargling for dear life" while bad breath still hangs on

We've made a breath taking discovery for taking away bad breath (halitosis)

Don't waste dollars on antiseptics that must be used full strength. We've discovered a new antiseptic that, even when diluted with two parts of water, kills germs in 10 seconds.

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A radical new antiseptic discovery

Modern research laboratories have thrown away the old ideas on killing germs.

Now there's a revolutionary antiseptic on the market—Pepsodent Antiseptic. Its formula is a radical advance. It eliminates the best antiseptic study of 50 years. A germ-killing agent is employed unlike those now in use. It makes Pepsodent Antiseptic from 3 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics, depending on which one you use.

Kills germs in 10 seconds diluted

That is the startling news in this new discovery. Think! You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with one or even two

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Pepsodent Antiseptic checks bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer! That's Pepsodent Antiseptic's record in fighting this widespread social offense due to unhygienic mouth conditions. Immediately after use, 95% of germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Two hours later the number of germs remains reduced by 75%. That is far longer acting than other leading mouth antiseptics. And remember when you use Pepsodent Antiseptic to check bad breath you are doing double duty by also fighting colds.

\$3 worth for \$1—regardless of size

To kill germs—most mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. So to mix such antiseptics with water is a waste of money. Pepsodent Antiseptic, contrariwise, can be mixed with twice its own volume of water. Thus every dollar you

spend on Pepsodent Antiseptic goes 3 times as far—saves you \$2 for every \$1 you spend. Pepsodent Antiseptic comes in 3 sizes—3 oz. for 25¢—7 oz. for 50¢—16 oz. for \$1.00. The larger the size the cheaper per ounce.

Checking bad breath and combating colds are only two uses for this remarkable antiseptic. There are scores of other uses. Some are listed on this page. Learn to rely on Pepsodent Antiseptic whenever a safe, effective, germ-killing agent is required. Keep it in the home. Take it with you when you travel.

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Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|
| Cold in Head | After Extractions |
| Throat Irritations | After Shaving |
| Voice Hoarseness | Minor Cuts |
| Bad Breath | Blister |
| Cold Sores | Loose Dandruff |
| Canker Sores | Checks Under-Arm Perspiration |
| Mouth Irritations | Tired, Aching Feet |

Pepsodent Antiseptic

New Standard Dictionary Definition: "Halitosis — a malodorous condition of the breath."

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Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Double Page)

else. I'll search his pockets and then the body can be taken to the mortuary."

While Bertillon scrutinized letters, passport and sundry objects, I stooped and unbuttoned the crumpled collar, a small dragon in blue and red had been tattooed between the dead man's shoulders just below the neck. Bertillon nodded when I pointed this out, and examined his hand. On the palm lay a square of paper covered with Chinese letters.

"We knew who he was killed," he remarked grimly, "but not by whom. This message may be important, but I doubt it. The extraordinary part is the disappearance of the suit case, which according to the partner's evidence was a big one. You'd better come with us, doctor. I should like to have your opinion of the Chinese girl's condition."

A swift car carried us to the hospital and I had my first glimpse of the dapper who for several months had attracted all Paris to the Folies Bergere. Seen thus with her long hair in wild disorder, her eyes red with weeping and her clothes torn, she appeared anything but pretty. I realized, however, that under happier conditions her exotic doll's features and slender, supple form might be attractive. Despite Bertillon's reassuring words, patiently repeated for more than an hour, my first statement was obtained from her, and at last we withdrew greatly disappointed.

"The terrible shock she sustained last night has driven the little one insane," the doctor said. "The poor thing may recover in time, but I cannot be sure."

During our journey to headquarters Bertillon had been gloomy and abstracted. No news

had come from Rousseau, but an expert reported that Ho Tse Kiang was in his shop as usual, and the brigadier was watching the place. I spent the rest of the day in the laboratory, devising my negatives and hoping that I might be sent out on active duty again. That my chief would not abandon the case despite the absence of clues, was a foregone conclusion. I was not surprised, therefore, when at seven, just as I was covering my instruments for the night, the door opened and a gendarme appeared with a note.

"Dine at the P. L. M. buffet," was the cryptic message. "Take the 9:40 Vatinigiana express, fifth car from the mail car, middle compartment. I shall be there at 8.15."

Dressing inconspicuously, I packed a small valise with toilet necessities, hailed a taxi, and drove to the railway station. I had hardly ordered my dinner when a railway official brought me a sealed envelope. Inside was a ticket to Sens and six numbered slips engaging every seat in compartment B.8. Wondering what all this mystery portended I sat down slowly to dine. A moment later the door opened, and Bertillon, who had been waiting in the train, came forward with a face which concealed his uneasiness. He had been waiting in the train, came forward with a face which concealed his uneasiness. He had been waiting in the train, came forward with a face which concealed his uneasiness.

"Upon looking through the train I learned that the crime was committed in a similar manner by a leaguer local last year on the Paris-Brunoy express," Bertillon continued. "Moreover, a man was shot in this very carriage some time ago, probably from the local train. The apache Laron, known as 'Coeur Noir', was arrested on suspicion, but released for want of evidence. It

seemed to me, however, to be the probable solution to our puzzle. "I discovered the carriage from which the murderer operated—some of the blood from his weapon has stained a cushion. It is in a siding and guarded. We'll examine it in detail tomorrow. On men are at work tracing the passengers who were on the local train last night. They are looking for a man with a stick, a top hat, a cane, and a pocket watch. You'll have to work with me tonight. Ho Tse Kiang will lead us to the gang's headquarters."

"When I arrived at Bertillon's office the next day Inspector Rousseau, whom we called the Brigadier, dressed as a house painter, came hurrying into the room with a grin of satisfaction. "The yellow devil is becoming uneasy," he said. "I have posted

several men outside his place and also at his house. They are beautifully disguised, a child of ten would know them; the detectives. Kiang will watch them and not me, and since he'll feel sure he can easily elude such clumsy guards, he'll try to communicate with his leader."

"Don't make it too obvious," Bertillon replied with a laugh. "Ho Tse Kiang is no fool. What has he been doing?"

"He tried to telephone twice, but after the exchange replied, 'I only get a buzz on the line. I've verified the numbers he asked for. One is the Chinese restaurant in the rue Daumesnil, the other a garage in the Villette district. He has a car and is seven-thirty. Then he sent the boy who cleans his shop to the Opera Comique, to stop a ticket. We took care not to lay the boy."

"To Be Continued Next Sunday."

The House Next Door By Burton Stevenson

(Continued from Page 2)

"I saw almost at once that Professor Verity's neck was broken. The autopsy confirmed this."

"You performed the autopsy?"

"Yes, assisted by Doctor Cameron, the police surgeon."

"I found that the odontoid process of the axis had been broken off, shearing off the spinal cord."

"Please be a little less technical, doctor," said Bernstein with a smile. "Hamilton produced an anatomical model of the spine and held up for Bernstein's inspection."

"The first cervical vertebra is called the atlas," he explained, pointing with his pencil to a small model of the head, as the mythological Atlas was supposed to support the world. It is similar in shape and revolves about a pivot furnished by the odontoid process of the second vertebra, which is called the axis. Odontoid means tooth-like, and the odontoid process is this spur of bone which you see here. It is the pivot upon which the head revolves. This opening is the spinal canal, which contains the spinal cord."

"Thank you, doctor," said Bernstein. "That is admirably clear. And you say this spur of bone was broken off?"

"Would it require great force to do that?"

"No—a blow in the right place, or a sharp twist of the neck would do it."

"Was there the mark of a blow?"

"No. But a blow with a blunt instrument, such as a policeman's club, might leave no mark."

"Why do you mention a policeman's club?" demanded Bernstein, suspiciously.

"Because a man was killed that way not long ago in New York. A policeman tapped him with no great force, but unhappily in the right place, fracturing the odontoid process. The blow left no mark."

"And it could also be twisted off?"

"Yes," said Bernstein. "Now what would be the result of this injury?"

"With the spinal cord sheared off, as in this case, it would be practically instant death."

"Could a man walk or rise or seat himself in a chair after it had been broken off?"

"Absolutely not. He could not move. He would be instantly unconscious."

"Now, Doctor Hamilton," said Bernstein, "if you are going to say anything about this case, you have said that the odontoid process could be broken in two ways—by a blow or by a twist. Could you tell which of these had occurred in this case?"

"Yes, Professor Verity's neck was broken by a twist."

"How do you know that?"

"Now, Doctor Hamilton," said Bernstein, "if you are going to say anything about this case, you have said that the odontoid process could be broken in two ways—by a blow or by a twist. Could you tell which of these had occurred in this case?"

"Yes, Professor Verity's neck was broken by a twist."

"Quite right—the Opera Comique is a blind." Then turning to me, "Be ready to follow. The theatre has several exits—he'll try to give you men the slip. "If you handle this carefully Kiang will lead us to the man responsible for the murder and we may find the place where the counterfeit notes are turned out."

"The fellow may go to the Chinese quarter," Rousseau said thoughtfully. "It would be difficult for us to enter any of their underground haunts—rather, I should say, and he drew his finger across his throat."

"I'll make up as an Eurasian (Asiatique halfbreed)," I interposed. "I know the secret passwords and believe I can carry it off."

"To Be Continued Next Sunday."

leaning forward, waiting for Hamilton's answer.

"No," he said, slowly, "but one thing was evident. Professor Verity knew his visitor and had seen the slightest idea that he was in any danger."

"How do you know that?"

"There was no trace of fear on his face or in his eyes. On the contrary, he was smiling. He must have been smiling at the moment of his death."

"A shiver ran through me. I too, had noted that smile. How far was Bernstein going? What was it he was seeking to prove? Had he you infer from that?" he asked.

"I could mean only one thing," answered Hamilton, speaking with evident difficulty. "That Professor Verity was glad to see his visitor."

"Exactly," agreed Bernstein. "He was glad to see his visitor. He had been expecting him, perhaps. He took off his glasses and laid them on the desk beside him in order to talk more at his ease. His visitor came up to him—perhaps shook hands with him—stepped behind his chair—and in another instant Verity was dead. Is that it?"

"Something like that," assented Hamilton heartily.

"Yes! It had been something like that."

"I dared not look at Janet Verity, but I knew that she was sitting rigid and motionless, as though struck to stone. But something drew my eye to Carnegie. He was leaning negligently back in his chair, regarding Hamilton with a look of amused interest."

"To Be Continued Next Sunday."

"To Be Continued Next Sunday."

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"To Be Continued Next Sunday."

"To Be Continued Next Sunday."



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